

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1933

No. 3538

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	457
EDITORIALS:	
Saving the World at Washington	460
St. Bernard	461
Failure at Albany	461
Justice in Haiti	462
ISSUES AND MEN. RAMSAY MACDONALD REVISITS US. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	463
CARTOON: THE THIRTEENTH JUROR. By Carl Rose	464
THE SOUTH SPEAKS. By John Henry Hammond, Jr.	465
THE ELECTRICAL REVOLUTION. By Jerome Count	467
WILL WONDERS NEVER BEGIN? By Paul Y. Anderson	469
ESCAPING THE GERMAN HELL	470
THE STARVATION ARMY. By John Kazarian	472
TRAVELING LIGHT. By John Rothschild	473
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	474
CORRESPONDENCE	475
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	476
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
By Their Own Ignorance. By Mark Van Doren	477
The King's English. By Henry Hazlitt	477
Portrait of Marie. By Catharine Young	478
Rain in Union Square. By Isidor Schneider	478
Europe and America: 1932. By Raymond Leslie Buell	479
Individualism at Bay. By Alter Brody	480
Health Without Wealth. By Mary Ross	480
Neapolitan Fable. By Geoffrey Hellman	481
Shorter Notices	481
Films: Fascism Over Hollywood. By William Troy	482
Drama: Playhouse for Sale. By Joseph Wood Krutch	483

BOARD OF EDITORS

ERNEST GRUENING	FREDA KIRCHWEY
HENRY HAZLITT	JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
ASSOCIATE EDITORS	
MARGARET MARSHALL	MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

IT IS AMAZING that in our time a proposal to monetize silver at a mint-value ratio of sixteen to one could have mustered thirty-three votes in the Senate, so that a shift of only six votes would have carried it. Of all forms of inflation the monetization of silver at such a ratio would be the least relevant and the least defensible. A bimetallic standard, if it adopts reasonable value ratios, becomes in practice an alternating standard; but the Wheeler amendment would drive all gold out of the reserves and assure a pure silver standard indefinitely. Even if the desirability of bimetallism were granted, it is preposterous to propose a mint ratio of sixteen to one for the two metals when the ratio of the market value of gold to silver at the present time is more than sixty to one. Even the Senators who proclaimed loudly that they were still Bryanites seemed to forget that in 1896 the market-value ratio of gold to silver was not more than thirty to one. If there were no increase in the market value of silver a ratio of sixteen to one now would debase the dollar to about one-fourth of its present value. The monetary demand, of course, would increase the market value of silver; but it is impossible for anyone to know in advance by how much. Mean-

while, a silver standard would cause our currency to fluctuate daily in terms of nearly every other currency in circulation except that of China.

IF the free-silver amendment to the farm-relief measure failed, the Simpson amendment succeeded, at least in the Senate. This authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to proclaim from time to time prices for farm products equivalent to the cost of producing that part of the crop which goes into the domestic market—plus, of course, a reasonable profit. If such a proclamation is made, it becomes unlawful for any person to purchase any amount of the commodities from the producer at less than production cost. Violation is punishable by a fine of not more than \$1,000 dollars, or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both. This provision was strongly opposed by Secretary Wallace. It is, of course, so idiotic that the rest of the farm bill seems almost sensible beside it. How is cost of production to be determined? Whose cost of production is to be taken—that of the most efficient farmer or that of the most inefficient? What happens if farm products cannot be sold at cost of production? Is the farmer compelled to keep them? If the Senate imagines that "social control" is as simple as this, why doesn't it pass a law demanding that nothing whatever, from houses to pet poodles, shall sell at less than cost of production, and that no one shall be paid a smaller wage than \$100 a week?

IN RUSSIA Justice is not a blind goddess, she is a pragmatist and a politician. She asks, not, Is this man innocent or guilty? but rather, Has or has not this man acted in ways which have worked injury to the particular social system we have set up and are determined to defend? And to this she has added the modifying inquiry: What are his obligations toward that system? According to Communist theory, there is no "justice"; there is only class justice, and whether you like it or not depends upon your interests and prejudices. This concept is both alien and repugnant to Anglo-Saxon ideas. In practice we may vacillate; in theory we still worship the goddess and repudiate the pragmatist. So that England's rage and defiant opposition to the trial of the British engineers in Moscow has had the backing of national idealism. But in this case the idealists appear to have been barking up a disappointingly empty tree. For if Soviet theory justifies the British protest, Soviet practice in this particular instance has left the British looking rather silly. The engineers—Russian and British alike—were charged with clear-cut acts of sabotage, bribery, and espionage, acts against which any government would take legal measures. They were unable to establish the claim on which British protest was primarily based—that they had been "terrorized" into making incriminating statements; apparently they were treated with civility and reasonable leniency before the trial—particularly in view of the gravity of the alleged offenses. The trial was conducted according to the established procedure of Soviet courts, which allows a freedom of argument on the part of the defendants unknown to capitalist practice. The Englishmen in fact received the benefits rather than the penalties of

class justice; as outsiders and non-Communists, their acts were held to warrant less severe punishment than those of their Russian codefendants. In view of all this the measures of reprisal prepared by the British government take on a belligerent aspect that the facts fail to justify.

WHILE THE ATTENTION of the Western world has been engaged elsewhere, the Japanese have not been idle. Their Manchurian troops, pressing relentlessly into China proper, are now dangerously close to an area where other major Powers have treaty rights and important economic interests. Indeed, they have already captured territory in which an American transport base and the summer camp of the 15th United States Infantry are located. More ominous is the fact that the Peiping-Tientsin region, into which their forces have penetrated, has long been a special economic preserve of the British. To the north, along the Siberian border, another danger spot has developed. The Manchukuoan government has accused the Bolshevik authorities of having illegally removed a large amount of the rolling stock belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railway. The Russians deny these charges, which they assert are only a pretext for seizing the railway, in which the Soviet Union has a half interest. A number of Japanese pilots of Yangtze River boats are said to have disappeared recently. The Japanese declare that they have been murdered by Chinese brigands and sailors. In consequence they have sent additional gunboats to reinforce their fleet at Hankow, a thousand miles up the Yangtze in the heart of China. The Japanese seem determined to swallow China piecemeal, and they refuse to reckon the cost. They are apparently prepared, as recent developments show once more, to risk international intervention and a possible world war in order to gain their end.

THE NAZIS have outwardly assumed complete control in Germany. They have captured the central and all the state governments; they have murdered or imprisoned all the active and potential leaders of the left opposition, and they have suppressed or taken over all the moderate and left radical newspapers. But internally the National Socialist Party is engaged in a sharp struggle for power. Within the last few weeks Hitler and his conservative followers have been more or less forced into the background. Hermann Göring and Joseph Goebbels, the two fire-eaters of the movement, have done most of the talking and acting for the "national revolution." Captain Göring has been directing the terror, laying down governmental policies, conducting important negotiations with Mussolini and the Vatican. Goebbels, "Minister of Propaganda," has taken charge of the press and other vehicles of public opinion. Hitler has been strangely silent. Diplomatic observers in Berlin are convinced that this breach is more serious than that which drove Gregor Strasser, another extremist leader, out of the party some months ago. And the Vatican has hinted that it will not enter into a concordat with the new government because it is not sure how long the Hitler regime will last. In a sense this struggle for power is ominous for Germany, for while it continues the Göring-Goebbels faction will doubtless seek to enhance its own power by terroristic methods. On the other hand, this internal dissension may provide an opening through which anti-fascist forces can return to power.

IT IS AN OPEN SECRET that the new German Ambassador, Dr. Hans Luther, is as little in sympathy with the Hitler government as was his politically more incorruptible predecessor, Von Prittwitz-Gaffron, and that the former German Chancellor and president of the Reichsbank owes his appointment to a political deal. Dr. Luther's term as president of the Reichsbank does not expire until next year, but Hitler was eager to place his intimate adviser, Hjalmar Schacht, at the head of Germany's financial institutions. Dr. Luther displayed not the slightest inclination to give up his influential and lucrative post without adequate recompense, so that the Chancellor was forced in the end to pay the price Luther demanded. The Ambassador, in turn, will stand behind every hysterical and barbarous act of the Berlin regime.

DR. LUTHER has always played a political game. As Oberbürgermeister of Essen and later as Minister of Economics and Chancellor of the Reich, Dr. Luther had an important role in one of the darkest chapters of Germany's post-war history. The report that he had refused to meet the French invaders of the Ruhr when they marched into Essen made him the hero of the hour; and Germany on his recommendation instituted a boycott against the French occupation—with disastrous results. During a campaign of sabotage that brought production in that area almost to a standstill, the government poured hundreds of millions of marks into the pockets of the Ruhr industrialists to indemnify them for their losses. Later the true story of the Essen episode, for which Oberbürgermeister Luther had so willingly accepted the laurels, was revealed. Believing discretion to be the better part of valor, he had left town after turning over the reception of the French to a subordinate. A decade later, when he became the successor in the Reichsbank of the man who now takes his place, he again proved himself woefully lacking in stature. He failed to see the storm clouds that were gathering about the German banking system, and by this failure made himself partly responsible in the eyes of financial experts for the extent and force of the crisis that has overtaken Germany, for the paralysis of its domestic and foreign economy, for its frozen credits and its shrunken production, and for the reluctance of Germany's creditors—formerly so liberal—to invest further capital in German industries. Dr. Luther, as a result of his bargain, has now taken over the task of selling the Hitler government to the American people. He will ultimately discover once more that bargains of this sort are always paid in bad money.

JUDGE JAMES E. HORTON, by postponing indefinitely the trials of the remaining Scottsboro boys, has not done them a disservice. They must remain in prison, to be sure, but in the meantime the appeal of Haywood Patterson, sentenced for the second time to death, can be taken to the higher courts. If the Alabama Supreme Court affirms the verdict, the case will go once more before the United States Supreme Court on a clear-cut constitutional issue, the systematic exclusion of qualified Negroes from the jury rolls of Alabama. It was obvious from Judge Horton's charge to the jury in the Patterson case that he was fully aware of the race prejudice and bigotry present in his court. Yet at those points during the trial when the prosecution displayed

the most flagrant race prejudice he consistently denied motions for a mistrial. Instead, he warned the jury sharply and let the case go through to a decision. It seems evident, from a reading of his decision postponing the other cases, that even though he based his ruling on an alleged statement by Samuel Leibowitz, his real desire was to prevent a repetition of the Decatur trial. If the United States Supreme Court should reverse the decision the other cases would probably be dropped—thus saving Alabama added expense and obloquy.

THERE WILL BE REJOICING on the reservations, at least among the Indian inhabitants, at the news of John Collier's appointment as head of the Indian Bureau. We may now look forward to that sweeping reform in the service which he has so long demanded. It will not be an easy task. Mr. Collier must contend with the entrenched and selfish interests that have controlled and exploited the bureau for so many years at the expense of the Indians. Moreover, he must face the opposition of those who have been the objects of his own sharp and continuous attack. His criticism of past administrations will furnish, quite justifiably, the basis on which his own conduct of Indian affairs will be judged, but his opponents are likely to be motivated by a personal bitterness in which he never indulged. We know his courage and apparently the President is ready to strengthen his hand. For the first time in many years the Indians have a right to expect justice and sympathy from their guardians in Washington.

FOR THE MOMENT at least warfare has been suspended between the association of theatrical managers and the stagehands' union. The former got nowhere with their demand that the union permit members to work with the actors on a cooperative basis in cases where the management agreed to receive no profits, but business in the theater has rebounded so vigorously since the black days of the bank holiday that the threat of wholesale closings has been temporarily withdrawn. Meanwhile, however, another incident of the sort against which the managers protest most violently has arisen in connection with a proposed revival of "Spring-time for Henry." That play, a one-set production, originally required four stagehands. Under union rules, however, a revival of it would be technically a "road show," and the union therefore demanded that three more men be added to the crew. No one maintains that these three extra men would have anything to do; and, as the result of the union demand, the proposed revival was abandoned. Rules are rules, says the union. Four men are out of a job, replies the manager. And there the argument rests.

ARE crickets insects? Entomologically speaking they certainly are, no matter how poetically they sing. But legally an insect is a bug, a bug is a loathsome creature, and Justice Nicholas M. Pett of the Municipal Court in Flushing has decided that so "romantic" and "intellectual" a creature is no mere bug. Mr. Farnham Fox, a tuba player of Queens, heard various chirpings about his apartment and promptly moved out—justifying the breaking of his lease on the ground that a "plague of insects" had descended upon him. On the other hand, it was the contention of the Benhar Holding Company, his landlord, that crickets cannot prop-

erly be described by any such derogatory phrase. It did not, to be sure, deny that the crickets were really there; but it pointed out that the Chinese consider them delightful pets, that "The Cricket on the Hearth" is a well-known poem (*sic*), and, in fact, stopped just short of suggesting that Mr. Fox should pay extra for the privilege of having the little dears around. Now personally we have nothing against the cheerful creatures. Even the fact that science declares them to be first cousins of the universally unpopular cockroach leaves us quite undisturbed. But we hate to have it established by judicial decision that the householder must tolerate any uninvited guest of whom it can be said that some people enjoy its company. Mr. Ditmars, if the newspapers are to be believed, likes nothing better than a boa constrictor about his feet and a cobra under his pillow.

READERS OF *THE NATION*, and other persons as well, who have been and still are unable to borrow money on their life-insurance policies will doubtless be pleased to know that the executives of the larger insurance companies have not been suffering as a result of the depression. Indeed, the majority of them, according to Dempster MacMurphy writing in the *Chicago Daily News*, have actually had their salaries increased since the crisis began. Here are the salaries they received in the boom year of 1929 and the depression year of 1932:

	1929	1932
<i>Equitable Life Assurance Society</i>		
T. I. PARKINSON, president.....	\$ 75,000....	\$100,000
L. M. FISHER, vice-president.....	34,375....	40,000
W. J. GRAHAM, vice-president.....	34,375....	40,000
R. D. MURPHY, vice-president.....	20,000....	30,000
D. A. WALKER, vice-president.....	17,187....	20,000

<i>Metropolitan Life Insurance Company</i>		
F. H. ECKER, president.....	\$175,000....	\$200,000
L. A. LINCOLN, vice-president.....	66,875....	125,000
A. C. CAMPBELL, vice-president.....	35,000....	40,000
H. E. NORTH, vice-president.....	30,000....	35,000
F. W. ECKER, treasurer.....	27,500....	32,500

<i>The Mutual Life Insurance Company</i>		
D. F. HOUSTON, president.....	\$100,000....	\$125,000
F. L. ALLEN, vice-president.....	40,000....	40,000
G. K. SARGENT, vice-president.....	40,000....	40,000
W. SHIELDS, vice-president.....	31,250....	40,000
P. M. FOSHAY, vice-president.....	30,000....	30,000

<i>New York Life Insurance Company</i>		
T. A. BUCKNER, president.....	\$100,000....	\$125,000
W. BUCKNER, vice-president.....	55,360....	55,400
A. L. AIKEN, vice-president.....	45,000....	45,000
J. C. MCCALL, vice-president.....	56,200....	55,000
L. H. MCCALL, secretary.....	18,892....	18,000
T. A. BUCKNER, JR., ass't secretary..	8,604....	10,000
H. PALAGANO, treasurer.....	46,400....	45,000

<i>The Prudential Insurance Company of America</i>		
E. H. DUFFIELD, president.....	\$125,000....	\$125,000
F. D'OLIER, vice-president.....	75,000....	75,000
G. W. MUNSICK, vice-president.....	48,000....	50,000
J. W. STEDMAN, vice-president.....	43,000....	43,000
J. K. GORE, vice-president.....	43,000....	43,000

Saving the World at Washington

IT is not fantastic to suggest that the economic conversations being held in Washington can make or break the capitalist world. President Roosevelt has seized a golden opportunity that may never return. A sort of Oriental fatalism has overtaken the Western countries, including the United States. Various efforts have been made, without success, to check the general economic disintegration, the slow paralysis of international trade. The continued decline has discouraged public men everywhere, but especially in Europe, until finally Montagu C. Norman, governor of the Bank of England, confessed that the world was helpless to combat the forces that were making for its destruction.

The vigor with which Franklin D. Roosevelt pressed forward with his program of domestic reconstruction created new hope and courage. Neville Chamberlain, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently declared that "thanks to the initiative, courage, and wisdom of the new President, a change has taken place which might almost be called miraculous." And when Mr. Roosevelt invited the leading Powers—except the Soviet Union—to discuss international economic problems informally with him in Washington, it was felt that at last a strong man had appeared to lead the capitalist world out of the wilderness.

The great confidence reposed in the President has, of course, also forced upon him a terrible responsibility. He must break down not only trade barriers; he must break down the relentless, unfathomable forces behind the still rising tide of economic nationalism. He must convince men like Ramsay MacDonald that political instability is the result, not the cause, of economic prostration, that national fears cannot be driven out and political quarrels settled until something is done to revive commercial intercourse between nations. In short, Mr. Roosevelt must change the psychology of virtually the entire world. A stupendous task, one that cannot be accomplished by a mere exchange of information. And if the President fails, to whom can the capitalist world then turn for leadership?

But the responsibility is not Mr. Roosevelt's alone. If the foreign representatives gathered in Washington have not rid themselves of the fatal notion that every international conference is a political horse fair, an occasion for swapping political bargains, the President will surely fail. Unhappily, there is every reason to believe that they still measure the world problem in terms of national fears and aspirations. France has sent Edouard Herriot who, speaking for consumption abroad, has been strongly urging France to pay its December war-debt instalment on the ground that just obligations must be honored as a first step toward an equitable adjustment of the larger economic problems. Yet in talking to his own people, through *Le Démocrate* of Lyons, a newspaper rarely if ever quoted in this country, M. Herriot frankly admits that he looks upon the United States as a potential ally whose good-will must be retained at almost any cost. "It was bad business" for France to default, he wrote on January 1, "because, were France unfortunately to be engaged in another war, where would we find the necessary credits and raw materials such as oil?" Can there be

any doubt that M. Herriot will have this in mind when he discusses trade barriers and war debts in Washington?

Viscount Ishii is coming from Japan. It was he who negotiated the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917 whereby the United States acknowledged that Japan had "special interests" on the mainland of Asia. Last December it was announced that he was to be sent on a similar mission to Washington. The Japanese government recalled after Mr. Roosevelt's election to the Presidency that in 1923 he had written an article pointing out "the necessity to Japan of markets and raw materials on that part of the Chinese mainland contiguous to her island shores." Tokio hoped that Viscount Ishii could induce Mr. Roosevelt to put his recognition of this economic necessity into more substantial form. And now Viscount Ishii is coming, at President Roosevelt's invitation, to discuss this very question of markets and raw materials. It is safe to assume that Japan will use this opportunity to seek approval of its conquest of Manchuria.

But Ramsay MacDonald constitutes the greatest danger to the success of the Washington conversations. He is clearly laboring under the delusion that the world can best be served by smoothing over political controversies before getting at their economic causes. Moreover, he regards it as his "sacred mission" to work for the establishment of an Anglo-American entente. His public utterances of the last few days reveal that he has come to Washington with this mission uppermost in his mind. Any sort of separate understanding arrived at between the United States and England would inevitably arouse the suspicions of other Powers.

President Roosevelt's own position and attitude are not beyond criticism. By omitting the Soviet Union from the list of Powers invited to Washington and by neglecting to invite the smaller Powers until they insisted upon being included, he fortified the contention of the Bolsheviks and others that the Washington conversations are designed to settle not world problems but only the problems of capitalist imperialism. He made a greater mistake in not requiring the foreign delegates to come armed with authority to accept binding commitments. If he is to produce positive, tangible results, he dare not depend upon a mere exchange of opinions or upon informal "understandings." To leave to the London conference, where his leadership will be missing and his influence minimized, the major task of obtaining binding pledges for enduring economic reform is to throw away his great opportunity. At London the dark fears and national jealousies, the imperialist contradictions of which the Marxists speak, will again come into play. It was these forces that have defeated every effort to restore the economic sanity of the world. Ramsay MacDonald, who will preside at the London conference, has shown that he does not know how to deal with this problem. President Roosevelt may prove that he is equal to the task of breaking down economic nationalism and routing the forces that have been blocking economic revival. But if he is to succeed, the job must be done quickly and thoroughly, and it must be done in Washington where he can guide the operation.

St. Bernard

BERNARD SHAW has come and gone. A multitude was present when he delivered his address at the Metropolitan Opera House and uncounted thousands heard him over the radio. Yet it may be seriously doubted whether he is any more real than he was before. During more than thirty years he has been a growing legend and probably he would never have come at all if he had not known beforehand how unimportant his visit would be. He was, of course, as careful as ever not to step out of his character; every moment of the time he was impersonating himself; and he was, for the few hours he spent on American soil, less a concrete human being than his own accredited representative. "And did you, then, see Bernard plain?" The question, we think, is almost metaphysical. We saw a vigorous old gentleman with white whiskers. We heard a voice which spoke lines almost as an actor would speak them. But we saw him and heard him only as a child sees and hears a department-store Santa Claus. He was a symbol which we wanted to contemplate even though we knew beforehand how inadequate it would be.

Persons close to the old gentleman (who must, after all, have some sort of intimate existence) inform us that his visit was really the result of a human and almost unworthy weakness. His staying away had been a dramatic gesture which grew more effective as the years passed by and as the invitations grew more insistent. He had, moreover, firmly resolved that the gesture should never be relaxed. But as he settled himself to die he realized that he could not deliberately and forever forgo the pleasure of satisfying his omnivorous curiosity. He wanted to see America as much as we wanted to see him, and the problem was therefore the problem of being human without having to reveal the fact that he was.

If the situation was really thus, then the whole affair was managed with a skill worthy of the dramatist who did not hesitate in his earlier days to brush the corners of his hair into the faintest suggestion of Mephistophelian horns. This casual, unpremeditated visit was prepared for by a series of statements which made the front page day after day and then, just before his arrival, made it again by proclaiming the only thing which could possibly still be news—namely, that Americans are not really so bad as he had always pretended to think they were. Sailing into the harbor he refused to look at the skyline—at least while anyone else was looking. Actually arriving in the city, he refused to be seen until the hour of his lecture, and when, next day, he was ready to sail away again, his departure was stage-managed with unflagging skill. Almost the last word we were allowed to hear was the jeering reply to the reporter who asked what he liked best about New York and who got "Leaving it" for an answer. The last glimpse we had of him was the yawn given into the lens of the moving-picture camera before he walked away from the photographer who had begged for one more pose.

Opinions differ as to the effectiveness and importance of his speech before the Academy of Political Science. To some it seemed impressive while others professed to find it merely intelligent enough without being especially original or unusually forceful. But whichever party may be right, it does

not really matter. The legend is what counts and the legend will not be greatly affected one way or another, for Bernard Shaw is still the only living writer whose name really means anything to the vast public; he is still, without any possible doubt, the only embodiment of what Carlyle once called the Hero as Man of Letters. Such renown as his rests only very indirectly upon any books he has written. Of course, the excitement with which he was greeted by reporters was very largely the result of what he called in his final interview "the vast emotional unemployment of America." But it is essentially out of that that all heroes are made, and he embodies for the populace the idea of the writer just as Einstein embodies the idea of the scientist-magician. If Bernard Shaw did not exist it would be necessary to invent him. Indeed, and in a very real sense, he does not exist, and yet it was not, after all, necessary to invent him for the simple reason that he invented himself some forty years ago.

So far as the great American public is concerned there is only one test to be applied in judging the success or the failure of his difficult appearance "in the flesh." Did he or did he not get away with it? And to that question there is only one answer. He did. According to the New York *Herald Tribune*, one of the camera men who saw him off was heard to grumble under his breath: "Who is that guy and what makes him think he can run this show? Why, I told Queen Marie to cross her legs." But the plain truth of the matter is that "that guy" did run the show. He always has and he probably always will.

Failure at Albany

THE attention of the nation is focused upon Washington. The people anxiously wonder what the "new deal" has in store for them, and in the excitement of the hour the activities of the State legislatures have been too generally ignored. The citizens of New York, for example, have just been given a "raw deal" by their government under the leadership of Herbert H. Lehman. His tax program will have the effect of intensifying the depression by contracting buying power through the levy of additional taxes weighing most heavily upon the poor. The budget is to be balanced by a 1 per cent tax on all retail sales, and a flat tax of 1 per cent in addition to the normal rate on all incomes above \$1,000, with no exemptions. In addition, the base is broadened by lowering the exemptions for the regular tax from \$2,500 to \$1,000 for single persons, and from \$4,000 to \$2,500 for married persons. The sound principle of graduating the rate, in order to place the burden upon the well-to-do who can pay without depriving themselves of life's necessities, is completely ignored.

Before the New York legislature adjourned it voted a \$60,000,000 bond issue for relief, to be presented for approval at the polls next fall. This will not help those facing hunger and eviction between now and November. New York City, for example, will spend only \$7,000,000 on unemployment relief in April, although its Welfare Commissioner has publicly admitted that \$10,000,000 is the minimum necessary if all of those known to be in distress are to be cared for. The State government has \$12,000,000 left from a bond issue voted last fall. The present policy is to make

this sum last until next November in order to avoid levying additional taxes for relief. Local governments are now spending twice as much as the State. The State is therefore the logical agency to provide additional relief funds, but it refuses, holding the tax rate more important than the welfare of its unemployed citizens.

On the important matters of charter and public-utility reform, the Governor of New York has likewise been disappointingly weak. As a result of Judge Seabury's disclosures of graft and corruption in New York City, Mr. Lehman urged upon the legislature the enactment of a law giving 15 per cent of the voters the power to initiate local charter reform. The bill, although passed by the Republican assembly, was killed by the Democratic senate at the order of the Tammany bosses. When the Governor was urged to force the Democrats into line through his control of patronage, his answer was, "I have done my share. My position is clear." He adopted similar tactics in response to the public-utility program drawn up by the St. Lawrence Power Commission. He allowed the Democratic senate to kill a bill which would have permitted the cities of the State to compete with the privately owned utility corporations. Experience both in the United States and Europe has demonstrated that public competition is an effective weapon for forcing a reduction in rates.

The legislature again failed to amend the labor law to extend the protection of the one-day-of-rest-in-seven law so that it should include the thousands of workers in hotels, cafeterias, transportation companies, and apartment houses, who now work seven days a week. How can Democrats, who refuse to abolish the seven-day week, profess to advocate a five-day week? As usual, nothing was done to end the exploitation of injured workers by insurance companies writing compensation insurance in the State. Throughout the legislative session there was on the Governor's desk a detailed report of the shocking abuses in the administration of the compensation law. This had been prepared after a year's study by a distinguished committee of doctors and laymen. Their findings conclusively demonstrated that the compensation law has been emasculated by the greed of the insurance companies. The State Federation of Labor sponsored legislation to end these abuses by making the State fund the sole carrier of compensation insurance. The bill was killed in committee.

The bankers' lobby defeated several measures for the elimination of the worst abuses of the banking system. Ever since the failure of the Bank of United States efforts have been made to compel the segregation of thrift accounts in commercial banks. If commercial banks are to be permitted to carry such accounts at all it is obvious that they should be protected by the same legal restrictions that regular savings deposits are subject to; but measures designed to bring this about died or were defeated, along with bills aiming at the abolition of bank affiliates. The one bright spot in the legislative record was the enactment of the Wald minimum-wage law for women and children in industry, and for this the Governor deserves commendation. He urged the enactment of the Wald bill as opposed to the mild and toothless Desmond-Moffat bill. Great credit is also due the Consumers' League and the Women's Trade Union League for assembling conclusive evidence to prove that employers were using the economic situation as a pretext for paying wages as low as \$3 and \$4 a week.

Justice in Haiti

FOR some time the newspapers in Haiti have been commenting guardedly on frauds in their customs. It will be recalled that under the treaty imposed "by military pressure" of the armed forces of the United States, Americans have administered the Haitian customs since their seizure in 1915. In the semi-official apologetics for our conduct in Haiti, the alleged incompetence of the Haitians to manage their own affairs has invariably loomed large. *Sotto voce* there are always hints of native venality. Now David P. Johnson, American collector of customs at Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti and its most important port, has been surrendered to the Haitian authorities by the American legation. Mr. Johnson is the third most important American treaty official, subordinate only to Sidney de la Rue, the financial adviser and receiver-general, and his assistant, Mr. Pixley. It appears that some time ago Mr. Johnson, on the ground that he could not trust some of his Haitian subordinates, insisted that certain consignments of merchandise be inspected personally by him. These goods were consigned to a firm of American merchants of Syrian origin in Port-au-Prince. Suspicion was aroused when it was noticed that this firm invariably sold its wares at a price which its competitors were unable to meet. Apparently, high-priced goods were coming in without duty, or were being charged far less than the value of the merchandise warranted. The Syrian-American merchants' arrest came toward the end of March; and Mr. Johnson's has now followed. It is noteworthy that the leading American officials, especially Norman Armour, the recently appointed Minister to Haiti, have cooperated in bringing the offenders to justice.

In ironical contrast, however, the far larger chicanery and fraud of the whole Haitian occupation stand unrebuked. The landing of the United States marines in Haiti, their permanent retention there when even the pretext of protecting life and property was no longer valid, the imposition upon the Haitians successively of a treaty, a constitution, and a protocol—these constitute as barefaced a piece of legalized robbery in the grand manner in behalf of private interests as the history of modern imperialism affords. The essential purpose of the \$23,600,000 loan, forced upon the Haitians under the terms of the protocol, was to enable a few American concessionaires to extract the full par value of their bankrupt enterprises. One need but recall that the railroad, whose claims were arbitrarily settled in ex parte proceedings and not submitted to the Claims Commission, was controlled by a group affiliated with the National City Bank. At the same time the National City Bank controlled Haiti's finances; it floated the loan the Haitians did not want, and then, as in the case of the railroad, obtained a settlement on its own terms. It was to serve the interests of the National City Bank that 2,500 Haitians, including women and children, had to be slaughtered, and that more than a score of American marines gave their lives. In the light of this long record of exploitation and occupation—both military and financial—the arrest of a United States treaty official for alleged peculations, while proper and gratifying, serves chiefly to emphasize the divergence between the codes of morality that exist for individuals and nations.

Issues and Men

Ramsay MacDonald Revisits Us

THE Ramsay MacDonald who has accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to discuss with him not only the debt situation but the rest of the international situation in Europe is not the same man who has visited this country before, and on the occasion of his last visit accomplished so much with Mr. Hoover on the Rapidan. Much has happened since then. He is no longer a Labor premier. He is the head of what is still called a "National Government," but which is really an overwhelmingly Conservative government. By the grace of the Conservative Party he holds on largely because it is itself so destitute of adequate material with which to fill the highest positions of the government.

The past two years have also made a great change in MacDonald himself. He has grown noticeably older, there is a distinct suggestion of oncoming old age in his appearances in the movies, and the trouble which he has had with his eyes is by no means over. I hear that he can do very little reading and that he must take great care not to overtax his vision. If that is the case it must be a severe deprivation, for MacDonald has always been an omnivorous reader. Like all men in British public life, he is a constant source of wonder to Americans, for he not only keeps up his acquaintance with the classics of literature, but is extraordinarily conversant with new books and the foreign press, and yet finds time to write personal notes in his own hand.

MacDonald's break with his old associates of the Labor Party has been really tragic in its consequences. He is today a lonely man. The men with whom he fought the battle for Labor in the Independent Labor Party and the Labor Party no longer seek him out. They not only do not call upon him; they frequently avoid him when chance throws them in his way. They feel that he betrayed them. They recall the days when he was a pacifist outcast, the days when even labor unions conspired to prevent his leaving the country. They cannot forgive him for having broken with the old associates who stood by him in days of adversity, and they feel that when he formed the National Government he struck a deadly blow at the party which had made him Prime Minister, that he, more than any change in public opinion, was responsible for their disastrous defeat. They do not concede that there was such a national emergency as to warrant this. They believe that he was stampeded by the combined power of the British and American bankers—the American bankers deny this and I believe truthfully—into undoing much of the work of upbuilding to which he had so largely contributed. As a result they no longer wish to see him, and most of them have sundered the warm personal ties of a lifetime with the man who was the first Labor Prime Minister. He on his side feels that he saved the country from financial and economic disaster, that he placed the country's interest above and beyond party ties, and that he should have had the complete support of his former party associates.

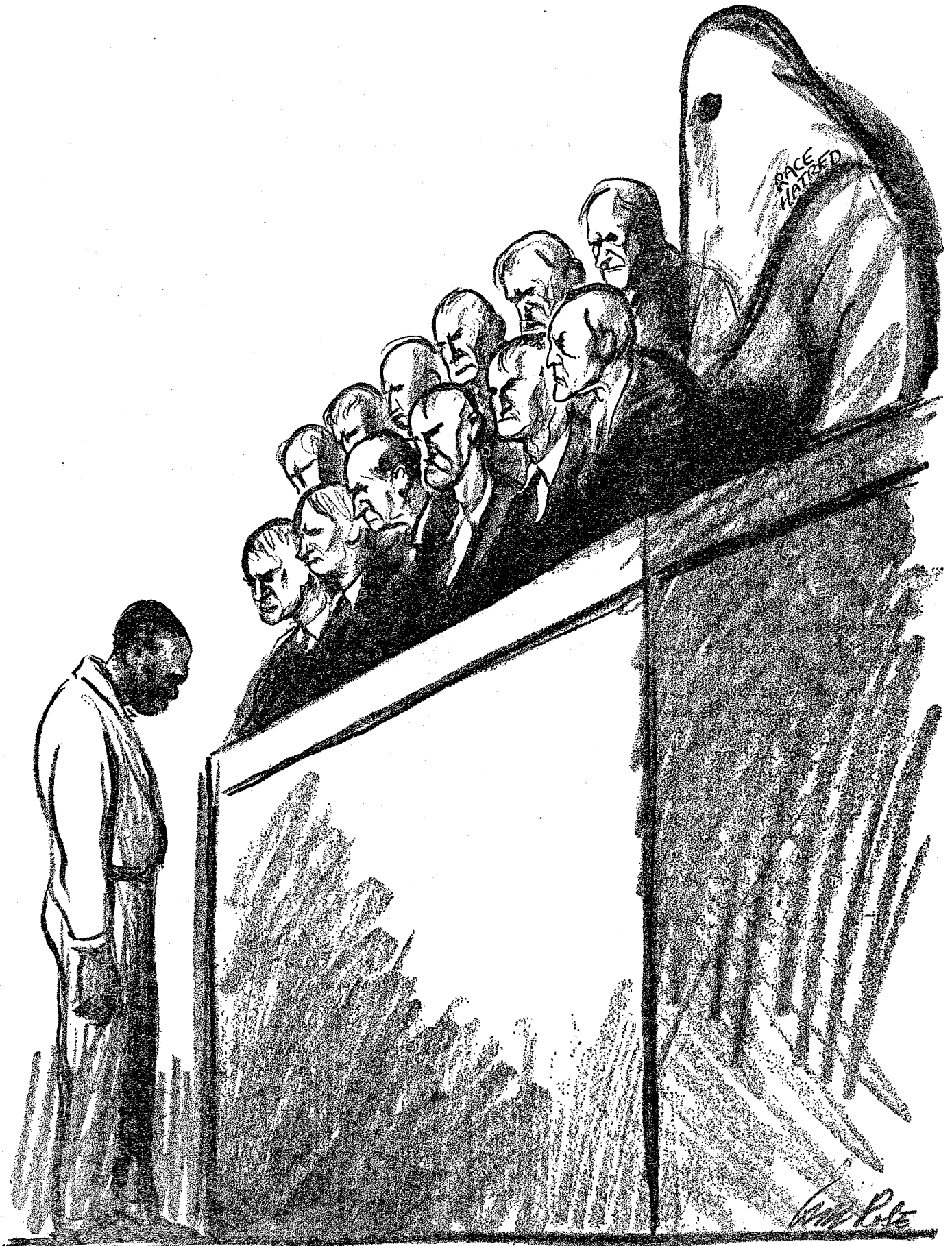
Whatever the final verdict of history upon this tragic happening, the fact is that MacDonald no longer speaks with the force and power, or for that matter the directness

and clarity, which formerly marked his utterances. There has been much comment on this in the English press and even on the floor of the House of Commons, where it was said, after his explanation of some of his recent activities on the Continent, that it was impossible to make sense out of what he said. This criticism was not confined to adversaries like Winston Churchill but was voiced by former old friends. Here is a turgid sample taken from his address to the Disarmament Conference in the middle of March when he made his insistent appeal to that conference to do something at once lest the whole enterprise collapse in ruins:

If there is failure, the stream of events will drive with increasing swiftness to a catastrophe. . . . Failure would let loose the passion that makes for war. It would set upon our throats the vagrant powers which do not save nations, and never saved nations—vagrant powers which, under the pretense of saving nations and national honors, destroy both the body and soul of nations.

This is characteristic of his recent utterances and of the change in his style. His sentences are long, involved, full of parentheses and of thoughts thrown in between dashes, which betray not only a lack of clarity of thought but of understanding of his own objective. Perhaps it is because he no longer has much to give that he beclouds the issue with words; the fact is that one feels a loss of power and force in him. He has always been a sentimentalist and emotional. His best work has been done through the use of his splendid voice, his deep feeling, his moving personal appeal, backed by his own character and record of having been willing to sacrifice himself and his career in war days because of his beliefs and his principles. His greatest service of all was his inducing the German and French representatives to shake hands for the first time after the war, and paving the way to the Locarno agreements. Probably no one else could have achieved this success, which marked one of the great steps forward taken since the war, one that led directly to the recent settlement of the reparations question. But whether it is ill health which has done it, or the loss of his old party associations, or the knowledge that he is now in the wrong pew, that he is leading as Prime Minister the very men against whom and against whose policies he fought for the greater part of his life, or all three, plus the coming-on of years, he is no longer the man that he was. Today he offers sentimentalism and emotionalism without the power and the certainty of aim which brought about his greatest achievements. But he may yet accomplish something, although his latest adventure on the Continent and the proposed Four-Power arrangement appear to have been utterly futile. He can still give President Roosevelt sound advice and most important information. Hence his visit may result in lasting good. Let us hope so.

Russell Garrison Kilgus



The Thirteenth Juror

The South Speaks

By JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR.

A GAIN fear has driven an Alabama jury to condemn to death one of the Scottsboro boys. It matters little how flimsy the evidence was against Haywood Patterson; a white woman had accused a Negro of raping her, and in this matter a white woman's word is law.

The Scottsboro case has slowly attained world-wide publicity owing to the efforts of the International Labor Defense, which fought the case successfully before the United States Supreme Court and won a new trial—in Alabama. The nine Negroes, accused of assaulting two white girl hobos on a freight train two years ago, were granted a change of venue from seething Scottsboro to the comparatively peaceful town of Decatur, seventy miles away. The defense made the best possible fight, but it was hopeless from the start. The boys could hardly have had an abler attorney than Samuel Leibowitz, with an almost perfect record of acquittals in criminal cases. Nor could they have been tried before a fairer man than Judge James E. Horton, who astounded skeptical Northerners by his tolerance and poise. But Southern prejudice was more than a match for a fair judge, lack of evidence against the Negroes, and a jury above the community's average in intelligence.

At the beginning of the trial Decatur was a quiet Alabama town, perhaps a little busier than the average. Its twenty thousand inhabitants used to find employment in several hosiery mills and a steel and iron foundry employing something like two thousand men. The mills are running full time, with slashed wages, but the foundry is practically shut down. The town does not belong to the old South; its houses are modern and nondescript, as are its public buildings. Its upper class is not of the "aristocracy."

There was little bitterness evident at first. The prevailing feeling was one of annoyance at the expense of the trial. The townsfolk were fully aware of the fact that the schools of Scottsboro and Jackson County had been shut down by the cost of the original trial and appeal. The defendants, of course, were guilty. The average Southerner firmly believes that Negroes desire above everything to have intercourse with white women. But there was little animosity shown the prisoners. They would be found guilty and duly executed. The penalty for rape in Alabama is anything from ten years to death. The Negro faces death.

By the most adroit of maneuverings the defense forced the court to produce the secret jury rolls of Morgan County, after failing to get so much as a peep into Scottsboro's records. To the surprise and dismay of Attorney-General Tom Knight, Judge Horton ruled that the defense had made a *prima facie* case that no Negroes were on the rolls; that it was up to the prosecution to prove that there were. Of course Negroes do not sit on Southern juries, nor do their names appear on panels. But the matter was never so thoroughly threshed out as in Decatur. Leibowitz collected a list of highly intelligent property-holding Negroes, most of them possessing college degrees. These men appeared in court to prove that they possessed every qualification for jury duty under the Alabama statutes. In doing so they

performed a most courageous act. Although the defense lost its motion for a mistrial on the ground that the jury panel contained no names of Negroes, it laid the base for an appeal to the federal courts.

To many the choice of Samuel Leibowitz seemed a grievous error for the defense. Here, they argued, was a Northerner, a Jew, with a long record for defending gangsters and getting them off; a man who would make the worst possible impression on a Southern community. But Leibowitz is a master showman. And the court is the principal place of diversion for the Southern citizen. There were often gasps of unwilling admiration for this outsider who could outsmart their own Tom Knight.

It was Leibowitz's first trip South. He was surprisingly ignorant of the relationship between black and white. So when he first brought forward John Sanford of Scottsboro as a worthy applicant for jury duty, he was shocked at the treatment his witness received at the hands of the Attorney-General. After protesting twice at the bullying Sanford was receiving, he rose in a rage and shouted: "Now listen, Mr. Attorney-General, I've warned you twice about your treatment of my witness. For the last time now, stand back, take your finger out of his eye, and *call him mister*." Leibowitz had the courage to do what no Southerner could have done—challenge the South's whole jury system. Without this the case could never be appealed to the federal courts. And it is extremely doubtful if even the highest court in Alabama would set these prisoners free, no matter what the weight of evidence in their favor.

Although Leibowitz took care to lay all possible bases for appeal, he was confident of an acquittal. He had never tried a case in which a frame-up was more apparent, and as he said in his initial courtroom speech at Decatur, he had full confidence in the integrity and fairness of the South. His thoroughness was astonishing. He produced in court the conductor and fireman of the freight train on which the attack was supposed to have taken place, witnesses who never were called at the original trial. From the railroad he obtained the exact line-up of the cars on the train and had them reproduced in miniature. He found Lester Carter, one of the white boys who accompanied the two girls on the train and provided for the defense its star witness. By competent witnesses found in Chattanooga it was possible to trace the girls' movements the night before the fatal trip and puncture completely their sworn testimony.

In the conduct of this case the International Labor Defense was making an experiment. It concentrated on the legal side of defense rather than on mass pressure. As a result, there were no traces of Communist literature in Decatur, no demonstrations, and no telegrams with demands to the judge until the lives of the defendants appeared to be in actual danger. Contrary to popular belief communism had little if anything to do with the verdict of guilty.

There appeared to be a veritable battery of prosecutors, but Attorney-General Tom Knight did all the work. Knight is only thirty-four, the son of the Alabama Supreme Court

Justice who wrote the court's decision affirming the verdict in the trials two years ago. He is a small, nervous man. Even in court he had little control of himself. His behavior was that of a small and enthusiastic child. But Tom Knight is exceptionally clever. He knows his courtroom gallery and all its prejudices. He successfully counteracted all of Leibowitz's many plays to the jury. He is a bad cross-examiner and seems not too sure of himself, but he is well versed in legal procedure. Out of court he is quite affable and charming, "one of the boys" to the newspaper fraternity. During the trial he became so excited that he seldom slept more than two hours a night. Out of court he insisted that he wanted to give the defendants a scrupulously fair trial. Of course, said he, the niggers were guilty, but if Leibowitz could convince him that there had been a miscarriage of justice, then he would publicly announce his conversion and have the indictments quashed. Inside the courthouse it was a different story. He browbeat Negro witnesses with all the thoroughness of a county solicitor. When Leibowitz announced that he would prove that Victoria Price had been arrested often for adultery and lewdness, Knight cried out: "I don't care how often you prove she was convicted as long as you can't prove she had anything to do with niggers."

Knight had a match, however, in the first defendant, Haywood Patterson. After grilling Patterson severely in an attempt to shake his story, the prosecutor finally asked in desperation: "Well, were you tried two years ago in Scottsboro?" "No suh," said Patterson calmly, "I was framed two years ago in Scottsboro."

Knight's chief assistants were Solicitor Bailey of Scottsboro and Wade Wright, a solicitor of Morgan County, who made the now-famous Jew-baiting summary to the jury. Bailey is quite without importance—hard-boiled and soft-spoken. But Wright is a huge individual, blustering and bullying, a perfect barometer of the less enlightened Decatur opinion. When he speaks his face becomes purple and he imparts his frenzy to the court hangers-on. Until Wright spoke, many of the newspapermen felt that there was an outside chance for acquittal, at least a hung jury. But Wright registered to perfection the repressed feelings and prejudices of the twelve good men. From then on the defense was helpless.

Without a doubt the most unexpected element in the trial was the attitude of Judge Horton. Much has been written about him. Most of it is true. Courteous, generous, and scrupulous according to his own lights, he made an admirable presiding officer. The defense could have had no fairer treatment from a Southerner. Judge Horton allowed the defense to introduce evidence showing that Victoria Price, the State's star witness, was a perjurer, prostitute, and consorter with Negroes—heinous crime in the South. (In the original trials no evidence concerning the moral character of either girl was admitted.) He allowed the defense to put Negroes on the stand to refute white witnesses, and himself asked questions of witnesses which proved beneficial to the case of the defendants. But this really honorable man made dubious rulings against the defense on many important points. After allowing the International Labor Defense to prove systematic exclusion of Negroes from jury duty, he denied the motion for a mistrial. He failed to stop Wade Wright's appeal to bigotry and fear, and refused a change of venue to a more cosmopolitan environment after it had become evi-

dent that hysteria had gripped the good people of Decatur.

Decatur was quiet when the trial began. But it was not long before latent prejudices flared up. During the first day of the actual trial a menacing band of fifty came into the courthouse from Scottsboro "out of curiosity." Leibowitz's method of questioning pure Southern womanhood had aroused their resentment, and they made no bones about it. Organized mobs began to form outside of Decatur. Farmers from surrounding towns held protest meetings. Hadn't an outsider dared to call a black man "mister" in court and demanded that the Attorney-General do the same? Wasn't the defense advocating racial equality, and wasn't there danger of these Northerners arousing the niggers?

The effect of the trial on the three thousand Negroes of Decatur was enlightening. At first there was no appreciable difference in behavior. But after the most respectable members of their community—doctors, Sunday-school teachers, school principals, ministers, and storekeepers—got up in court to show that they were the equals of whites, the working Negro acquired confidence. Faces which had been expressionless in the courtroom took on smiles, and a few whispered exclamations were to be heard when Leibowitz made a point. Decatur whites took notice of this. In no time at all the local hardware stores were completely sold out of guns and ammunition, and they were not selling to Negroes. No one entered "niggertown" without some kind of weapon. The black folk were also taking due precautions. At first it was hard for these colored people to believe that a fight was being waged for them. But when they saw the defense treat Negroes as equals in court they were convinced.

Alabama's Negroes are not the only ones aroused. Colored people throughout the land who have been determinedly apathetic to the appeals of the I. L. D. and the Communists are thoroughly enraged by the verdict. In Harlem, Baltimore, Richmond, Virginia, Washington, Chicago, and scores of other cities real protest meetings are being held. The churches are stepping up as never before; collections are being taken for the defense of the prisoners. Theaters and dance halls are staging benefits; newspapers are formulating plans for a protest march of 50,000 to Washington. The South has only to repeat the verdicts in the cases of the other boys to find the Negroes organizing into militant groups.

During the second day of the trial one of my neighbors in court began to talk to me. After learning that I was a correspondent from the North he introduced himself as a merchant who had been born and bred in Decatur. He asked me what I thought of the trial. I told him that Judge Horton seemed one of the fairest jurists I had ever encountered.

"This judge here is a fine man," he said, "but he's prejudiced. All of us Southerners is prejudiced. You know, I'm beginning to think that those niggers was framed. That girl Victoria made a bad impression. But that doctor [Dr. Bridges of Scottsboro, who testified that he had examined the girls less than two hours after the alleged attack, had found their pulse and temperature normal, and could detect no sign of hysteria] sure cinched the case for them niggers."

He turned around and asked his friends in the row behind what they thought. All seven of them were convinced that there was something wrong somewhere. Two of the more daring also ventured the opinion that it looked like a frame-up. But all this was before the prosecution made its final successful appeal to the passions and fears of the jury.

The Electrical Revolution

By JEROME COUNT

THE first thirty years of the twentieth century will perhaps be recorded in history as the Electrical Revolution. During that period the production of electricity in America rose from 2,000,000,000 kilowatt hours to 90,000,000,000 and the number of purchasers of electricity increased from 500,000 to 24,500,000. Not fewer than 80,000,000 Americans now live in homes served by electricity. But behind the brilliant array of toasters, heaters, iceboxes, cookers, and washing machines stands a vast army of underpaid, insecure utility workers and overcharged consumers. The growing protests of small consumers and utility employees against the rate and labor policies of the electric light and power industry suggest an inquiry into the extent to which the rewards of a vast development have been shared with the electric-utility wage-earner and the small domestic consumer who is now the mainstay of the industry.

It is found that large wholesale users buy energy for one-quarter of what it costs small domestic consumers. Between 1920 and 1931 the domestic user of current increased his consumption 400 per cent, compared with an increase of less than 200 per cent on the part of the wholesale consumer. Notwithstanding his larger contribution to the electrical prosperity of the past decade, the domestic consumer in 1931 was compelled to pay 36 per cent of the nation's electric bill, although he received only 13 per cent of all energy consumed. At the same time the wholesale consumer received 60 per cent of all energy, and paid only 30 per cent of the total revenue. The extent of discrimination between the domestic consumer and the wholesale consumer is illustrated again by the relative cost per kilowatt hour to privileged classes of users. In 1931 wholesale consumers paid 1.48 cents per kilowatt hour while the average rate to all consumers was 2.75 cents. Domestic users, however, paid 5.82 cents, although it has been computed by Morris Llewellyn Cooke that this price exceeds a fair rate by 2.82 cents. The domestic consumer, in other words, is overcharged some \$300,000,000 every year. Finally, while consumption by large wholesale and industrial users has steadily declined since the depression began, domestic consumption has risen sufficiently almost to cancel the loss of wholesale revenue, and the average bill of the electric consumer is now higher than it was at the peak of prosperity. Mechanical refrigeration alone has added about \$60,000,000 to the annual revenues of the entire electric utilities.

Labor has derived far less advantage from the enormous development of the electric industry than even the domestic consumer. Whereas since 1902 profits have multiplied twenty-nine times, wages have multiplied only eighteen times, and the number of employees has multiplied only eight times. Had the share of labor increased in the same proportion as profits, each power employee would now be receiving "wages" at the rate of \$20,000 a year, or, assuming that wages remained constant and increases were paid in leisure, the utility laborer would now be working only two and one-half hours a week. The observation that the revenues of the industry would not permit this boon to labor serves only

to stress the shocking degree to which utility capital has gained advantage over its employees during this great development. Dividend payments to capital account for \$575,000,000 of present revenues, but the toll that capital takes from the industry is not measured by dividends alone. The report of the Federal Trade Commission on "National Wealth and Income" (1926) gives the results of an investigation into the relative share of labor and capital in the nation's industries. This report concludes significantly: "The electric light and power industry is remarkable because of the fact that labor receives only about one-third and capital about two-thirds of the total value product." This finding was based upon a comprehensive study of a seven-year period. For the last year reviewed, capital in the electric light and power industry received \$511,000,000 while labor earned only \$249,800,000.

To what extent the finding of the commission is an understatement of the contrast is shown, for example, in the comparison of the power industry and steam railroads in one year. Railroad labor received 90.4 per cent of the total value product while utility labor received only 37.6 per cent. On the other hand, railroad capital received 9.6 per cent while light and power capital received 62.4 per cent. A comparative table (for a six-year average) again shows utility labor at the bottom of the scale with capital at the top:

DIVISION OF VALUE OF PRODUCT BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR

Industry	Percentage to Labor	Percentage to Capital
Construction	92.8	7.15
Water transportation	83.3	16.2
Steam railroads	75.2	24.8
Telegraph and cable	72.1	27.2
Telephone	68.9	30.5
Manufacturing (all)	63.2	36.8
Street and electric railways	62.8	37.2
Mining, quarrying, and oil	59.3	40.7
Electric light and power	33.9	66.1

Despite the tragic implications of this alignment of capital and labor, it was the proud boast of the National Electric Light Association (recently rechristened Edison Electric Institute) that "an investment in a power and light company is . . . particularly free from the effect of varying labor conditions. The average labor cost of all power and light companies is approximately 21.5 per cent of their combined gross earnings. Compare this with the 45 per cent to 55 per cent labor charge of the average railroad." Beside this boast should be set the low-wage average in the industry. A recent study shows that while in transportation utilities the average income of salaried workers rose from \$976 to \$2,084, the salaries of employees in the power industry in the same period rose from \$899 to \$1,795. At the same time average salaries in industry as a whole rose from \$916 to \$2,028. A similar comparison in respect to other workers in the power industry shows that the wage-earner, as distin-

guished from the salaried employee in this industry, received \$666 in 1909 and \$1,398 in 1927 as against a rise to \$1,436 from \$616 for wage-earners in all industries combined.

It is evident that electrical labor has received little benefit either in volume of employment or scale of wages from the technological perfection of the industry as compared with the volume and certainty of dividends and interest paid to capital. Utility executives, however, have pointed to the permanence of employment as a compensation. "The industry," they said to prospective investors, "is depression-proof"; and they permitted labor to believe that the safety enjoyed by share- and bond-holders would be matched by security of employment.

The stock bromides fed to employees by utility executives during the headlong decade of 1921 to 1931 were "security of tenure" and "continued advancement to the faithful." An "Employees' Handbook" of platitudes and homilies was issued, and some fifty thousand copies were distributed to instruct employees in the ritual of loyalty and service—and the evils of "political ownership" of utilities. Security and advancement were constantly stressed.

Few utility employees realized that their security depended primarily upon whether the consumers' demand for electricity kept pace with technical advances in the industry and sustained construction projects. The technical progress of twenty-five years had increased the capacity of each employee by 260 per cent—from 82,700 to 297,500 kilowatt hours a year, or a product worth almost \$9,000 per employee. Only eight times as many employees are needed to generate forty times as much energy. New construction projects have offered little better security to the worker. It has been the insistent claim of the industry and its executives that in response to a "patriotic urge" suggested by President Hoover in 1929 construction programs were deliberately accelerated in 1930 in order to sustain what they then believed to be "temporary unemployment." A glance at the construction expenditures of the preceding period is enough to show the falsity of this claim. The decade ending in 1930 was marked by vast consolidations and mergers followed by large increases in stock issues and bond sales. Anticipating the need of meeting additional dividend and interest loads, an attempt was made to reorganize operations through the unification of various systems that had been brought under the same financial control. The unified companies, therefore, undertook large construction projects to effect these economies and to anticipate further increases in demand for electricity, and this long before the so-called "temporary unemployment" of 1929.

Construction had more than doubled between 1922 and 1927. Accelerated construction continued at an even greater pace from 1927 until the end of 1930. It did not occur, as the industry asserts, only after the unemployment conference with President Hoover, but was the natural culmination of a decade of intense development. At the first indication that increases in demand for electricity would partially subside, the "patriotic urge" to sustain employment petered out, although unemployment had become more acute; when the wholesale lay-offs began in 1931, revenues were still \$30,000,000 above 1929. The industry immediately cut down its construction program by \$325,000,000 and discharged 36,000 employees with an annual wage loss of \$54,000,000. At the end of this same period, so devastating to labor, President Owens of the National Electric Light Association ap-

provingly quoted the Federal Power Commission as saying that "no other great industry exhibits a like resistance to the general economic influence of this period" in so far as revenues from consumers is concerned. "And," he continued, "I might also add, in so far as net income available for investors is also concerned." At the same time *Electrical World*, standard-bearer of the industry, happily reviewed "... the unique record for maintenance of dividends by power and light companies," and said editorially that "measured by use of electric service, this country is stable, and those who supply this service are the most prosperous business group in the nation. ... Thus the utilities are up to about 100 per cent when weighed by statistics." This was at the beginning of 1932.

Indeed, guaranteed dividends and bond interest of the operating companies continued unbroken. This of course is not true of some of the holding companies, which, to be sure, are without justified existence and have merely served to increase the insiders' profits at the expense of the consumers and investors. The financiers had capitalized the leading companies at dividend levels which they hoped would be maintained by increased demand for electricity. Up to that time the demand had doubled every five years. When, instead, revenues decreased about 1 per cent (some other industries had lost as high as 50 per cent of their business), holding companies collapsed of their own weight. Some operating companies, however, had increased their stock issues and paid added dividends. At the end of the year 1931, after the discharge of 36,000 employees and the continuance of dividends and interest on bonds, the leading publication of the industry reported that "financial distress of operating companies was conspicuous by its absence. Even in areas most dependent on industries hard hit, power companies made a good showing." And again: "Utility companies suffered relatively little, if an energy output drop of 3.75 per cent and a revenue fall of less than 1 per cent can, indeed, be called suffering."

The industry is now loaded with staggering stock and bond issues, aggregating some \$12,000,000,000, on which dividends and interest must be paid to capital. In 1932 dividends and bond interest of the operating companies again remained intact but labor suffered another decline of 30,000 wage-earners, with an annual wage loss of \$45,000,000. Construction expenditures were again cut, this time by some \$375,000,000, although one of the industry's leading executives speaking to his "fellow-employees" said: "We stand today on the threshold of a sturdier and more solid development than our industry has known for nearly a score of years." He spoke, of course, from the standpoint of capital since his own company discharged 2,500 employees that year.

At the beginning of 1933, while employees were being discharged at the rate of 3,000 per month and the wages of 3,000 more were being cut, *Electrical World* again reported a year of general capital prosperity and said: "No serious threats to utility progress and prosperity exist." Meanwhile construction projects have been delayed to a critical point which impairs efficiency and provides utilities with pretexts for maintaining exorbitant rates. The cessation of improvements will deprive consumers of rate increases which were often promised out of unification savings in exchange for the approval of consolidations and mergers granted by many public-service commissions. The public will pay for the stoppage of improvements while utility employees starve.

Workers to the number of 66,000 have been discharged and employment in the electrical industry has been reduced 22 per cent below the level of 1930, although revenues have declined only 8 per cent. In years of prosperity electrical labor received but one-third while capital collected two-thirds of the spoils, but in times of depression, while the swollen share of capital is untouched, labor suffers in the ratio of three times the decline in revenues. Electric-utility labor now faces the threat of a further lay-off of 20,000 employees, impending wage cuts, and part-time employment, although its pay roll has already been reduced by \$100,000,000. In 1933 the consumer will pay about \$1,900,000,000 to the industry, of which \$575,000,000 will go

to stockholders in dividends, \$240,000,000 in interest to bondholders, and only \$348,000,000 to labor. Capital will also receive \$250,000,000 in reserves to maintain security values. Once again the lion's share of revenues paid by the consumer will be reaped by capital—more than one billion dollars as against a third of that sum to 230,000 employees.

Utility employees in New York City have started a movement toward organization which may have far-reaching results. A militant union of 75,000 employees throughout the nation would go far to bring tangible improvement. Add to this, strenuous resistance to high rates on the part of consumers and the electrical industry may be brought to justice.

Will Wonders Never Begin?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 15

THOSE who expected wonders of the new Administration have begun to eye each other dubiously. Few voice their suspicions openly, but each, as he thoughtfully scratches himself, is revolving the same question in his mind: "Is this the real McCoy, or have I fallen for another medicine man?" I am here to say that it is not a comfortable situation. The Roosevelt smile is just as expansive; the family is just as wholesome; just as many good intentions are on display—but the number of the unemployed continues to increase; purchasing power continues to decline; the deadly blight of deflation continues to spread. That the depression is a result of unemployment—and the consequent loss of purchasing power—is now conceded even by bankers and economists. Since Roosevelt took office there has been a further reduction of purchasing power, represented by about five billion dollars of deposits frozen in closed banks and a reduction of about four hundred million in veterans' allowances. I say this not in criticism, but simply to keep the record straight. On the face of the record we have had six weeks of deflation such as Hoover or J. P. Morgan and Company would never have had the nerve to suggest. It is true that a few thousand young men have been taken into army camps and, by means of applied calisthenics, trained to become foresters at the magnificent salary of thirty dollars a month, provided only that they send twenty-five of it home to their dependent families, thus relieving the local welfare agencies to that extent. After that the youthful foresters may sally out into the woods with the remaining five, and—always under proper restrictions—burn it up in any way they choose. To the extent that idle young men are taken off the streets and placed in healthful surroundings, and to the extent that the burdens of municipal relief bodies are eased, I suppose this may be pronounced a worthy undertaking. But surely no adult person would contend that it will have an appreciable effect on the national problem.

* * * * *

NEVERTHELESS, comrades, the prospect is brighter than might be assumed from the foregoing. The Administration, visibly disturbed by two or three serious rebuffs in the Senate and no doubt aware of the swelling popular

demand for measures to counteract its recent deflationary policies, at last (if one may use that phrase after six weeks) is giving serious heed to the problem of putting men back to work. For this fact the country—and the Administration—can thank the persistence of Senators Wagner, La Follette, and Costigan, and the driving intelligence of Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. The plan is yet in a formative stage, and might even be blocked, but as I write it tends to shape itself around three major projects, to wit: a two-billion-dollar federal public-works program; federal loans totaling two billion dollars to States and cities for the construction of needed improvements, such as waterworks and sewer systems; these to be tied in with a planned stimulation of private industry. The third item in this program may be greeted with the Bronx cheer, on the ground that Hoover tried it often, and vainly. But Hoover always opposed a public-works program, and it may be argued with considerable persuasiveness that the promise of the government to make four billion dollars available for wages and material may very well justify private employers in expanding the scope of their operations. In inducing the President to consider such a program its proponents have had to overcome a hostile conservative majority in the Cabinet and the protestations of Budget Director Douglas, who, as I have heretofore remarked, aspires only to become a tinpot Calvin Coolidge.

* * * * *

THAT the majority of the Cabinet will continue to be conservative is assured by Roosevelt's decision to keep Cummings as Attorney-General, while sending Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit to the Philippines. It would have been very much better for the country—although worse for the bankers—if he had sent Cummings to the Philippines and put Murphy in the Department of Justice. What the Filipinos need, in addition to independence, I really do not know; but I know that the Department of Justice needs a thorough house-cleaning from top to bottom, and that Cummings is not the type that cleans house. Murphy is. Throughout the country, I am told, there is a vast and understandable wonder as to why no more bankers have been indicted. I think I am safe in saying that this curious dearth of criminal prosecutions is due in equal parts to the awe experienced by

Secretary of the Treasury Woodin in the presence of bankers, and the awe which Attorney-General Cummings feels in the presence of politicians. It has not been ascertained with whom Secretary Woodin spent his last week-end, but he returned to Washington with a set of ideas regarding banks and investment houses which made Ogden Mills look like a rip-roaring Progressive. Even the mild proposal of Carter Glass and the Chase National Bank to divorce banks from security affiliates had taken on awful proportions in his eyes. Someone, it seems, had told the poor, frightened little man that the government of the United States had to depend on these affiliates for money. By the time this appears, it is to be hoped, Roosevelt will have patted him on the head and told him not to be afraid. The best break the bankers got was when Tom Walsh fell dead. That stern and righteous man I knew rather well, and if he had sent an expert to prepare indictments of bankers in New England or anywhere else, no national committeeman or Senator would have induced him to withdraw him—indeed, I cannot picture anyone approaching him on such a subject. Cummings could never be a Thomas J. Walsh, but he might profit by the example.

* * * * *

THE Black bill, designed to establish the basic thirty-hour week in industry, has passed the Senate with surprising ease. In its present form it would exclude from interstate commerce the products of mines, quarries, workshops,

and manufacturing plants which work their help more than six hours a day or more than five days a week. It is a simple, even primitive statement of the principle that all of us must work fewer hours if all of us are to work. Naturally, the bill must be amended. The six-hour limitation probably is too rigid for some industries. Undoubtedly some legal precaution should be made against wage-cutting. The necessary amendments are being drafted by Miss Perkins. In fact, it appears that the Administration, impressed by the popular support accorded this measure, is prepared to go even farther. It is even possible that the Administration will accept Sidney Hillman's suggestion to establish a board in each industry in which collective agreements between employer and employed do not exist, such boards to fix minimum weekly wages and to supervise working conditions. Every parliamentary trick known to the lobbyists on Capitol Hill has been employed to impede this bill. Thousands of telegrams, summoned at the behest of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the American Manufacturers Association, have descended on Congress, all opposing the principle. As usual, these sweaters of labor have been able to marshal in behalf of their cause a certain number of the shallow pates who masquerade, at times, as the "intelligentsia." For myself, I do not see why they take the trouble to line up these cattle. If Cummings and Woodin and Douglas can't stop this bill; if the speeches of Simian Fess and Dave Reed are of no avail, why bother about the tripe and the chocolate sundaes?

Escaping the German Hell

[The person to whom the following letter was written is well known to the editors of The Nation. The letter was not intended for publication. We can vouch absolutely for its authenticity and for the responsibility of its author. Initials have been substituted for the names in the original; otherwise the translation is literal.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Zurich, April 2

DEAR M.:
Yes, Zurich, and no April fooling either! I arrived here today at noon, having taken the midnight train from Cologne, where I had arrived from Berlin the morning before. I cannot tell you in what mental condition all of us are in Germany. I planned to bring Mother and O. along with me to Switzerland, but the poor child resisted so much that I did not succeed. Although most likely nothing will happen to them, I shall not rest until they are here.

At least I am able to give you today a detailed account of the past weeks in Germany without fearing that the letter will never reach you. Did you receive my last letter from Berlin? [It did not arrive.—*Editors' Note.*] First of all I want to tell you why I decided and acted so quickly. About two weeks ago I read an advertisement of a position in Zurich. I answered it last Thursday. By return mail the Zurich people offered me the position. Of course I intended to tell my boss about it and give him fair notice of my resignation. Then the Jewish boycott, which all of us in Germany hoped would be called off, was announced—it was put into effect yesterday. Furthermore I heard last Friday noon

over the radio that all Jewish employees in every office were to be fired. I decided the very same evening to do what I did. After having conferred with R. and her parents, I took the Cologne express at 10 p. m. with all my belongings. I forgot to tell you that we Jewish employees were advised for our own safety not to come to the office on Boycott Saturday.

When I arrived in Cologne I intended to take Mother and O. along with me. I rushed to the savings bank to get money, since one was allowed to take out 700 marks (\$175) per person. Our passports were O. K. and had not yet been taken away by the Nazis, as had been the case with several of our friends. I booked three tickets for Zurich, but when I came home all tired from the rush and excitement O. refused to leave. I had to act at once since there was a new law requiring a *Sichtvermerk*, or special visa, on one's passport, designed to make it difficult for Jews to leave Germany. When the Nazis discovered that they could not take away all the Jewish passports they decided on this visa, which is only granted to "Aryans." I was informed by the German travel bureau that the law had not been passed yet, but Mother and O. were afraid to have any contact with the Nazis, so I did not insist on their coming along. Whoever gets into the clutches of the Nazi beasts must be prepared for the worst.

I can't tell you in what a pitiful and desperate condition I left Cologne last night. From Berlin I had traveled third class. The train was crowded with Jewish fugitives. I had to sit in the corridor of the train on my baggage, exactly as

in 1914 and 1918, when we fled from Belgium. Before my departure from Cologne I had been running around all day and had seen the terrible posters on all Jewish stores and doctors' and lawyers' offices. Everywhere in front of these buildings Nazis were posted, and all municipal street cars and public buildings were decorated with the swastika flags.

April 4

I have just read in the papers that the *Sichtvermerk* law has gone into effect today. For that reason it will be very difficult to get O. and Mother out of the German hell. . . . You do not know how lucky you are, dear M., to be in the United States. If you had stayed in Germany, I assure you, you would now be among the dead. Two young men among my friends in Berlin were arrested. Both families have been informed of the death of their sons. If they had been shot immediately after their arrest it would have been a terrible tragedy, but the poor boys would not have had to suffer infernal torture. Their brothers told me they were terribly beaten up and brutally treated. One of these young men was a Reichsbanner man, healthy, tall, and strong. A week after his arrest his people were informed that he was in the hospital on account of a nervous breakdown; some time later they were told that he had died of heart failure. The other young man was a journalist. Four days after his arrest his parents were informed that he had died of tuberculosis and heart failure. In reality he was perfectly healthy and fit. I do not know what his political attitude was. His brother went to the morgue to take a last look at the corpse. It was covered, and he could see only the head, which showed distinct marks of a terrible beating. He insisted on seeing the whole body and asked for a postmortem examination. This was refused in the following words: "If you don't get the hell out of here and shut your mouth about this, we'll do the same thing to you!" The bodies were not returned to the families for burial.

This is what Boycott Saturday looked like in Germany: All Jewish stores and offices were placarded with posters saying: "Germans don't buy from Jews!" "No German visits a Jewish doctor." "He who buys in this Jewish store will be photographed." "No decent German buys from Jews." In Cologne I read, "These are Jews. Don't buy from Jews," marked with chalk on the windows. All Jewish shops and houses were also marked with a square black sign with a yellow center circled by a white line. This meant, "These are Jews!" Let me tell you, the darkest Middle Ages! Wherever you go and whomever you see of your friends, you find sorrowful people. Nearly everyone, no, everyone is faced with the question, What will happen to us, how shall we live? Dr. K. has been discharged from the hospital; Dr. W. has been fired from his school—the pupils refused to answer him in his classes. The lawyers were barred from the courts, the judges were all dismissed, all doctors were removed from the hospitals, nobody was allowed to buy from Jews. And if one is lucky enough to have escaped that German inferno, and to find oneself in Switzerland where everything is so calm and peaceful, then one has to ask oneself: How is it possible? Did I have a nightmare or is Swiss life so unreal? I forgot to tell you that on that blackest of all Saturdays big trucks patrolled the Berlin streets from which Nazis shouted through loud speakers: "Down with the Jews!" "Jews, die like beasts!" ("Juda Verrecke!")

One of the most popular songs of these inhuman beasts was "Wenn das Judenblut vom Messer spritzt, dann geht's nochmal so gut!" ("If Jewish blood flows from the knife, things will go much better.") The words for this song were written by the Nazi poet, Horst Wessel, who in his private life is supposed to have been a procurer.

By accident I saw Dr. L. M. several times in the last two weeks. He of course lost all employment immediately, and he informed me that he intends to settle with his wife and two children in Paris. He does not know yet what he is going to live on there, but since he has not anything to live on in Germany he prefers to starve in France. Just by chance I met him that night in the Berlin-Cologne express, on his way to Paris. We traveled together as far as Dortmund, where he got off to call for his wife and children, intending to continue the journey to Paris a few hours later. You know he was an industry and commerce reporter in Berlin and there he was in a position to learn through his direct connection with the Chamber of Commerce that all the big German industries have felt the boycott on German goods very severely. Thousands of letters come in daily from abroad canceling orders and breaking business relations with German firms. All this of course will have very serious consequences. If the Germans destroy the Jews they will perish with them.

I have just returned from a stroll through Zurich, and I read in a news agency that Commissioner Streicher-haus of Munich states that the boycott will not be resumed on Wednesday, as the hostility aroused in foreign countries might have serious consequences for German industry. If only all Jewish firms abroad would remain firm in their anti-Nazi attitude, regardless of their personal interests, and would fire all their German employees including those of German origin, they would help the Jewish cause more than through their newspaper propaganda. The atrocity tales are in truth "tales," since the atrocities are committed behind closed doors in all secrecy. In the streets everything seems to be very peaceful. However, in Berlin in the Friedrichstrasse, No. 132, there is a Nazi home in which there is a room whose walls are all smeared with blood. Even the Nazi neighbors of the building are said to have protested against the daily and nightly screams and cries of the tortured victims. This report I received from Dr. L. M., who as a Berlin reporter has heard the screams himself, and knows some of the victims.

Well, enough for today of these terrible facts. I have not yet written to my Berlin firm, since I do not know what to tell them. Anyway at the present I feel so terribly hopeless that I do not know what to do next. After having slept last night I feel better today and my despair has calmed down a little. Mother promised to write me every day and I shall keep you informed as often as I can.

Yours,

J.

P.S. If you have the chance to use your influence with the press, I implore you to do everything you can to stop these atrocity stories. However, one should arrange immediately to boycott all German goods and industries, but this should be done in all quietness, as all anti-German propaganda will be used against the German Jews. Einstein was called the other day in an editorial in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* an insane crazy idiot. Think of it! His bank account of 39,000 marks was confiscated as a "punishment"!

The Starvation Army

By JOHN KAZARIAN

ON cold nights when it is impossible to sleep in the open, the Starvation Army is forced to seek shelter in the relief agencies. The Salvation Army in Santa Barbara, California, in contrast to many of its branches offers a clean and comfortable shelter. Every man is required to take a bath and is given a bathrobe. The building is warm and is provided with a radio. Music means security and comfort to the man on the road. It calms his mind, distressed as it is by fear of the police and of hunger, and worst of all by the feeling of futility and helplessness. In such an environment the Starvation Army is naturally inclined to discuss the causes of its misery, why it cannot find work, why relief agencies do not furnish sanitary food and shelter. Also, its members are likely to turn to talk about religion—whether it is out of place in a changing world and what it is doing to alleviate the economic collapse. Politics also is of vital interest. But this model lodging-house forbids any discussion of politics or religion. Huge signs to this effect stare us in the face. We are silent until bedtime when the lights go out.

The Community Shelter in Eugene, Oregon, is operated by the city. Formerly it must have been a rooming-house. We were given beds to sleep in, but the sheets apparently had not been washed for months. Dirt an inch thick covered the window sills and floors. In the morning we were escorted to a wood pile. We sawed wood for half an hour for our lodging and on an empty stomach worked another half-hour for an equally tempting breakfast.

The Volunteers of America conduct an agency in San Francisco. I asked for a night's lodging and a bit of food. The man at the desk asked, "You want fodder? Well, then, sit on the mourners' bench." I joined other wanderers on the mourners' bench. Our faces were unwashed, our hair shaggy, and our clothes coated with dirt. Each of us was questioned about our age, place of birth, residence, last job, education, name of father, maiden name of mother, how long we had been in San Francisco, what our destination was. I wondered what all these questions had to do with hunger and fatigue. But we dared not question our betters. At last we were herded into a large room furnished with some 150 double-decker bunks. In each bunk was a spring over which was stretched a piece of rubber. As we had no covering, the room had to be kept warm and the result was poor ventilation, a condition common to welfare shelters.

Since the Volunteers of America would not lodge a transient for more than one night, I had to seek shelter elsewhere, as I was expecting mail the next day in San Francisco. I went to the jail and after being questioned was turned over to a turnkey, who told me to follow him. He gave me a blanket and showed me to a cell that measured about ten by fifteen feet. Five men were already in the cell when I entered and by midnight the number had increased to ten. We lay on the hard floor in all sorts of positions. I was doubled like a jackknife, another was trying to sleep sitting up, a third did not hesitate to use my stomach as a footrest. The two men who entered the cell last were forced for want of space to sleep with their heads against the toilet bowl. The

discomforts finally became unbearable. Another inmate agreed with me and we called to the turnkey to take us out of the cell. He showed us into a room filled with policemen and detectives.

"I've a mind to kick you mugs," said a policeman. "What the hell do you think this is, a hotel, coming in and going out?" I told him the shelter was unfit for a decent human being and if I had known it beforehand they would not have had the pleasure of my company. This made him angry. He was advancing upon us when another policeman said, "Go easy on 'em, Mike."

Thanks to the second policeman, we were soon outside breathing fresh air. The streets were empty except for an occasional sailor with his girl friend, whose giggle sounded strange in the perfect deadness of morning. We walked up and down Market Street looking for lost money on the deserted sidewalks. But San Francisco was wrapped in a heavy mist and it was hard to see anything. I was hungry, tired, and cold. Finally, I turned into a cafe, where a kind manager gave me a bowl of soup. Afterward I rested my bones under a grandstand in Civic Center Park, with the mist as a blanket.

The branches of the Young Men's Christian Association provide the most desirable shelter, but unless one presents a membership card it is almost impossible to get a free room. And even if one is a member, one is not always taken in. Invariably the branches in the smaller cities are very hospitable. For the most part the relief agencies do not furnish sanitary shelter for the wandering unemployed. However, during the cold months it is hard to avoid them unless one panhandles a quarter or more for a bed in a cheap hotel or rooming-house. In mild weather many comparatively clean places to sleep are available—the jungles, box-cars, depots, cotton-seed houses, sawmills, used cars, empty buildings, the seashore. If one sleeps in any of these places, it is not advisable to take off one's clothes or shoes, for they may disappear by morning.

It is impossible to keep one's body and clothes clean when one sleeps in box-cars, on the roadsides, or even in welfare shelters. At least once every two weeks the thoughtful wanderer burns a cake of soap from a house or grocery store and tramps to the jungles, which supply him with water, gallon cans, and firewood. While the dirt and vermin on his clothes are being boiled out, he has an opportunity to wash himself if a creek is nearby.

When a man's clothes become worn out, as they do very quickly on the road, he visits the charity organizations. But the experienced man knows that clothes can very seldom be obtained from that source by a "floater," that is, a non-resident. As a consequence, the wanderer "puts the bum" on undertaking establishments, insane asylums, private houses, hospitals, and clothing stores. If none of these possibilities materialize, he resorts to stealing. However, clothes are obtained much more easily than shoes. Some branches of the Salvation Army will give a pair of old shoes in return for half a day's labor on a wood pile. It seems as if that much labor would entitle one to a new pair of shoes.

Unemployment per se is not supposed to constitute a

criminal offense. Yet the mere act of standing on a corner, sitting in a park, or walking on the highway is often made the basis of a jail sentence for a shabby man out of work. If one is picked up in San Antonio, Texas, for vagrancy, he is fingerprinted. The police go a step farther in Houston, Texas, by "mugging" (photographing) the vagrant and making him walk across a platform before a group of detectives. The penalty for sleeping in an unused box-car in the Southern Pacific yards of Corpus Christi is seventeen days in the county jail.

In some cities the vagrant is forced to buy a railroad ticket. Many a kind-hearted judge records a ten-day jail term for him but lets the offender out the next morning. In one city of southern Florida the vagrant is placed in a chair and questioned. The chair is so arranged as to provide for the passage of an electric current. In the midst of the examination the current is turned on. If the victim jumps a few feet out of his chair and demands an explanation, he is told: "That's a present from this town. We want you to remember it and not come back here again." Incidents of this kind afford the police tremendous amusement.

I have tried to give an accurate account of the condition and problems of the wandering unemployed. The following suggestions for improving their condition are offered for consideration:

1. Officially permit the men to ride freight trains. This would reduce considerably the number of accidental and intentional killings.
2. Serve cleaner and more substantial food.
3. Serve meals three times a day instead of two.
4. Provide every relief agency with shower baths.
5. Make baths compulsory before assignment to a bed.
6. Sheets should be changed every day. If this is impossible, they could at least be placed in a delousing machine.
7. Fumigate the clothes of the men.
8. Provide each man with a cot and a blanket. There is no excuse for making men sleep on hard cement floors with no covering.
9. Provide for the washing and drying of clothes.
10. Keep the sleeping-rooms as clean as possible.
11. Ventilate the sleeping-rooms.
12. Hire some unemployed barbers to keep the man on the road from looking like a Neanderthal man.
13. Segregate those with contagious diseases.
14. Segregate boys from men.
15. Investigate the cases of minors and send them back home where most of them would be taken care of.
16. Provide recreation rooms with radio.
17. Make it possible for the men to earn some tobacco. "Shooting snipes" means loss of self-respect and possibly disease.
18. Do not turn down any man in need of clothes and shoes on the ground that he is a non-resident.
19. Suspend the enforcement of the vagrancy laws, which clearly were not intended to apply in such a crisis as this. Most of the men are honestly looking for work.
20. Men should not be arrested for panhandling. No man likes to beg, but if relief agencies do not satisfy his hunger and refuse to furnish him with necessary clothes and shoes, what can he do? The person solicited is under no obligation to give.

My personal experience inclines me to these conclusions: (1) our country is in imminent peril of revolt; and (2) the revolt, if it comes, will originate with the wandering unemployed, for of all the jobless they are the most restless and adventurous. Wherever they congregate, in the jungles over a can of coffee, on freight trains, or in parks, one hears rumblings of rebellion. The economic collapse has made the Starvation Army hard, skeptical, unscrupulous. The relief agencies have an opportunity to stem the tide. The price of charity now is decaying food, unsanitary shelter, and deterioration of character. When the hobo is hungry he is fed stingily on bad food; when he is tired, he is given a cement bed or a cot infested with lice. How much longer will the Starvation Army, composed as it is of once respectable men, bear eking out a miserable existence in a land of plenty?

As I write these lines in the State library of Hartford, Connecticut, an army of hunger marchers is parading to the capital with their just grievances. They are shouting their complaints. The scene recalls those lines from "Coriolanus":

They said they were an-hungry; sighed forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings.

Traveling Light

By JOHN ROTHSCCHILD

WHEN you travel you need not sink into that curiously inhuman mass known as "American tourists." If you have ingenuity and are willing to risk adventure and occasional discomfort you can explore a Europe that is unseen by the sightseer. I shall try to set up guideposts here to the Europe that is not in the guidebooks.

European students have devised excellent means of traveling cheaply, and many of these are available to Americans, whether students or not. They combine all sorts of out-of-door sports with their *Wanderlust*; they walk, paddle boats, ride bicycles, and climb mountains all over Europe. Americans can join parties of English students on the tours arranged by the National Union of Students. These penetrate to most parts of the Continent and are carefully graded for strenuousness. The weakling may jog along at the rate of six miles a day; the hardened athlete may cover fifteen miles, dare glaciers, scale the Alps. The National Student Federation, 218 Madison Avenue, New York City, makes arrangements for Americans.

Motoring. If you prefer automobiles to trains, you may take your own car abroad for as little as \$130. Complications at frontiers have been eliminated by international papers which are issued by the American Automobile Association. They take care of customs, foreign driving license, foreign license plates, and marine insurance. The necessity of crating the car—an added expense—is eliminated by a new device patented by the Arnold Bernstein line, by which the car can be driven into the hold of the ship. This line estimates an average cost of \$7 a day per person for small parties traveling through Europe in a medium-sized car, including steamship passage, hotels, meals, gas, and oil.

An American organization, Europe on Wheels, has extended the "drive yourself" system to Europe, and is prepared to provide almost any kind of service. It can furnish Fords or cars of foreign make in any country, with or without chauffeur, or provide a car for a grand tour. A typical six weeks' trip through France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and Germany, covering 4,300 miles, costs \$404 for all car expenses. Divided among a party of four, transportation averages \$2.40 a day. Lodging, meals, tips, and so on average an additional \$4 a day for each person. For longer trips, where a car is to be used for two months or more, Europe on Wheels recommends its repurchase-guaranty plan, by which the traveler may sell his car at the end of the trip for a fixed percentage of the purchase price. The address is 218 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Boating. Falt boating, a popular form of holiday travel in Europe, is almost unknown to Americans. A falt boat is a folding boat, somewhat like a canoe but more stable and easier to handle. River and lake trips take one through unspoiled country; picturesque river towns are easily reached in easy days of paddling; the boat can be folded and loaded for train trips between desirable rivers. A falt-boating trip through Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, and France has been arranged for Americans this summer. It will be conducted by an experienced falt-boater, Katharine Shankland, under the auspices of the Open Road. A canoe trip on the Danube from Regensburg to Vienna is included in the program of an intercollegiate group organized by the National Student Federation.

Outboard motor enthusiasts can take along their trusty motors, hire a boat, and travel all over Europe on the canal and river systems. One may go from Cherbourg to Vienna, to Budapest, and on to the Black Sea, and even venture, through a new system created by the building of the Dnieper dam, into the middle of Russia.

By Air. Flying is commonplace in Europe. You can go almost anywhere by air at costs that compare favorably with first-class travel by train and boat. Travelers who want to make the most of their time will do well to consider one or two air trips which eliminate long and tedious journeys. The air line from Paris to the Balkan states shortens to twelve hours a train journey of nearly four days (Paris to Bucharest). The trip from London to Copenhagen, requiring a day and a half by boat and train, takes seven hours in flying time. Moscow is thirty-nine hours from Berlin by train, thirteen only by air.

Youth Hostels and Work Camps. A system of "youth hostels" has been developed in nearly every European country by those who love trails and bypaths and the feel of the ground under their feet. These dormitory-inns provide simple, comfortable accommodations and are used by at least one American travel agency for parties of young people because they give an interesting point of contact with Europeans. It is necessary to join some one of the various national associations (they are affiliated) in order to use these facilities. A membership card in the Youth Hostels Association of England costs forty-two cents. The holder may stay at any of the hostels in England for seventeen cents a night, may use special maps for hikers and bicyclers, and obtain cheap railroad fares from cities to the point where his walking trip begins. The address of the Youth Hostels Association is 18 Bridge Road, Welwyn Garden City, England. The German

organization is the Reichsverband für Deutsche Jugendherbergen, Hilchenbach in Westfalen.

Students who like to do outdoor work during summer vacation will be interested in the European student work camps. Through the International Student Service seventy American students will be admitted to camps in Germany, Holland, Wales, Switzerland, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia for three- or four-week periods from June through October. Mornings will be spent working with European students on forestry projects, land-reclamation, and similar non-commercial enterprises. Afternoons and evenings will be devoted to sports, discussion, and the diversions characteristic of student life in Europe. Prices are extremely low. For a three weeks' period board and room cost in Germany \$10, in Holland \$4, in Wales \$5.25, in Austria \$2. Camps in Switzerland are free. Students should apply to Kenneth Holland, executive secretary of the International Student Service, 140 Nassau Street, New York City.

This is the first appearance of a column of travel information which will be run in The Nation at fortnightly intervals between now and June. It is especially designed to meet the needs and tastes of Nation readers. The article on Traveling in Russia announced for this issue will appear next week.

In the Driftway

ONE of the Drifter's colleagues in last week's issue of *The Nation* seemed to cast an editorial stone at the "somewhat too timely fashion" in which the French Compagnie Générale Transatlantique announced that it was prepared to serve kosher meals on all its liners. The assumption, presumably, is that if the steamship company had delayed its announcement or framed it differently it would have been somehow more acceptable—which leads to the chief grievance of the American against the French, namely, that the French are what we call cynical. As a matter of fact they are not so much cynical as they are "pratique"—a word which is significantly not translatable. And in the Drifter's opinion the reason why Americans cannot stand the logic and directness of the French is that we are so accustomed to a sugar-coating of "idealism" (read hypocrisy) on our facts that we are shocked and hurt when it is left off.

* * * * *

CONSIDER, for instance, the proposed campaign to break down anti-French sentiment in America. If we were conducting a similar campaign in France, we would very likely not mention it at all; if we did mention it we would certainly not call it a campaign of propaganda. Instead, we would organize a "Pershing-Lafayette Society" with the motto, "We Are Here." We would recruit big names to indorse the campaign and sign grandiose statements about the great French nation. We would find a young lady whose great-grandmother had handed a stirrup cup to Lafayette and have her picture taken with the President of the United States. And from the beginning to the end of a high-pressure campaign that would make any Frenchman's hair stand on end with horror, we would permit not the slightest reference to that vulgar and priceless commodity, salesmanship.

THE French simply do these things differently. Regard these excerpts from the French government's announcement of its campaign of propaganda in the United States:

The American feminine element has an important viewpoint; we must address ourselves particularly to it.

The American people go to no trouble to inform themselves. We must place before their eyes some simple truths.

We must remember that the American, above all else, is a business man. He knows how to count. He is dominated by a sporting spirit. An American may honestly ruin his best friend just to prove he is the stronger—and then offer him his hand and help him to rise.

The American people are ignorant of their own history. They must not be expected to know French history.

The Drifter insists that these statements are realistic and penetrating. They are also annoying. An American publicity expert, if he were clever, might use them as the guiding principles of a campaign. He would never allow them to go beyond the walls of those private rooms where publicity campaigns are laid out.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not prepared to dismiss either "idealism" or the quality described by "pratique." Both of them, except when they become downright vicious, have their pleasant uses in a world where variety is a precious condiment. That old American habit of breaking the news gently is not altogether base. On the other hand, the Drifter has often found the directness and logic of the French, in international affairs or in personal contacts, both stimulating and delightful. He is not prepared to give up hope of an American-French rapprochement, but it will have to be based on differences and not similarities. Perhaps the solution lies in suggesting to the French government that their campaign of propaganda be turned over to a high-binding American publicity agent, thereby cementing a deal that would be "pratique" in the interest of a friendship that might be idealistic.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

German Socialism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The naivete of your correspondent, J. Bornstein, in attempting to clear the German Social Democrats of any responsibility for the present state of German affairs is amazing. For over forty years the German Social Democratic Party worked for the overthrow of the monarchy together with the economic (capitalist) system which the monarchy represented. They also advocated universal peace and did lip service to the cooperative commonwealth that was to arise in the golden bye-and-bye. But no sooner did the war break out in 1914 than the Social Democrats forgot all about their socialism and hurried to save the Fatherland from its enemies.

In 1918, when the great collapse came and the Kaiser fled to Holland, it was the Social Democrats who were intrusted with the government of the country. Their party was then the largest in Germany and theirs was the opportunity to create a new social, economic, and political structure. For several years after 1918 the power of the Social Democrats was unchallenged; but owing to cowardice or treachery they dared not, or would

not, use that power. They demonstrated their belief in democracy when they allowed the Junkers to retain their lands, the bankers and industrialists to maintain their stranglehold on the economic life of the country. In allowing Hitler and his cohorts to organize, develop, and equip an extra-official army of hoodlums they showed an extreme form of tolerance and a solicitude for democratic principles. They again proved themselves staunch supporters of democratic institutions when they voted to pay the Kaiser and his family 200,000,000 marks for the royal palaces and lands which were confiscated by the young republic. In helping to elevate the arch-militarist, Hindenburg, to the presidency in Germany they showed a rare form of tolerance and democracy.

The Social Democrats, however, were not so tolerant of their comrades on the left. In blaming the Communists now for what has befallen Germany they seem to forget that Germany is today reaping the harvest sowed in the early days of Social Democratic control of the government, before the Communist Party came into existence. The rise of the Communist Party, in fact, came only as a result of the betrayal of the working class and of the principles of socialism by the leaders of the Social Democratic Party.

New York, April 10

ABRAHAM BLUESTONE

Academic Freedom at Columbia

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The blow delivered to academic freedom by the dismissal of Donald Henderson from the Economics Department of Columbia University is being answered by a nation-wide campaign for Henderson's reappointment. The issue is clear. During the past two years Henderson's leadership in the radical student movement in America, particularly his role in the student trip to the Kentucky strike area, in the Columbia strike for the reinstatement of Reed Harris, and in the campaign to defend Oakley Johnson, resulted in such pressure for his removal that the administration finally acted. No one with a modicum of intellectual honesty will be misled by the official pronouncement that Henderson's dismissal rests upon academic grounds such as failure to complete work for the doctor's degree and failure "to apply himself seriously and diligently to his duties as instructor and to maintain the standards of teaching required by the department." Henderson has completed all the course and credit requirements for the doctorate. He has taken successfully the oral examination to which doctoral candidates are subjected. For the past two years he has been engaged in research upon a thesis, the topic of which has been approved by the department. The average time required for completing a thesis is known to be over two years. Some candidates spend several years on the task.

Our committee is now assembling data which will show the large number of Columbia staff members, including many above the rank of instructor, who have never received the doctor's degree. The charge concerning Henderson's teaching is correctly characterized as contemptible. Students of all grades have testified to his competence and ability. The junior seminar in economics passed a resolution to this effect, voluntarily and unanimously. Columbia has poor teachers, but Henderson is not one of them.

Our committee includes representatives of seven Columbia clubs. At other colleges the campaign is moving forward. The Association of University Teachers is definitely behind us. We will force Henderson's reappointment.

COLUMBIA JOINT COMMITTEE

FOR THE REAPPOINTMENT OF DONALD HENDERSON

New York, April 13

A
ROYAL RANSOM OF ROMANCE
FOR THE PRICE OF A SONG IN BEAUTIFUL
GERMANY

Old world glory of ancient castles and medieval towns. Modern marvels of great cities. The immortal operas of the Wagner Festivals. Everywhere the economy of romance.

The inspiring Rhine, Black Forest, Bavarian Alps. Bright-hued villages. Famous German health resorts. Thrilling sports. Honest prices and courteous German hospitality in the land of *Wanderlust* and *Gemuetlichkeit*.



Gay Berlin. Zeppelin trips. Modernistic art. World's fastest train, the "Flying Hamburger."

Write for Booklet 18 about
Germany
GERMAN TOURIST
INFORMATION OFFICE
605 Fifth Avenue New York

New and Revised Edition

INDIA IN BONDAGE

by JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND, M.A., D.D.

Brought Strictly Up-to-Date — 8 New Chapters on The Momentous Events of the Last Two Years in England and India—India's Future—Will Gandhi Win?—Will There be a Bloody Revolution?—Is the New Constitution which Britain is Forging for India, a CHARTER OF FREEDOM, or a STEEL FRAME OR STRONGER BONDAGE?

\$2.00 At All Bookstores or Direct from

LEWIS COPELAND COMPANY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York



DISCUSSION



IN A JOBLESS WORLD

(A Round-Table Discussion)

Tuesday, April 25 at 8:30 P.M.
TOWN HALL, 123 West 43rd Street

Speakers:

STUART CHASE, Economist
BRUCE BLIVEN, Editor of New Republic
MORRIS RAPHAEL COHEN, Philosopher
ERNEST GRUENING, Editor of The Nation
JAY LOVESTONE, Communist Party (Opposition)
HEYWOOD BROWN, Columnist
MARY FOX, Interlocutor
JOSEPH P. LASH, Chairman

Tickets 35 and 50 cents, boxes \$1.00

ASSOCIATION OF UNEMPLOYED COLLEGE ALUMNI
112 East 19th Street New York City

The Commonwealth Strike

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The letter of Lucien Koch, Director of Commonwealth College, to *The Nation* in regard to the student strike at Commonwealth College this winter charged that it was an effort of Communists to control the school. This in my opinion was a direct misrepresentation of the issue.

I was one of the strikers. I am a member of the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain, and as such have little in common with the Communists. I traveled over four thousand miles for the express purpose of studying at Commonwealth College, and I am reluctant to believe that I fell a victim to the clever strategy of the Communists.

The real causes that brought about the strike were the following:

1. Expulsion of two students, Henry Forblade and Jack Copenhaver. These two students were among the oldest at Commonwealth. They were simply leaders of the student body in their campaign for student representation on the association.

2. Dissatisfaction with the teachers. The student body had criticized all but three of the teachers and their courses.

3. The dictatorial attitude of the association. Commonwealth College was built with the combined labor of both students and teachers. The students felt that it was therefore very unfair that the college should be governed by a practical dictatorship of two families consisting of five members of the present association.

After the strike was over and thirty-two of the fifty-five students had left, Mr. Koch refused an offer from Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, to submit the whole question to an arbitration committee of three persons—one to be selected by the College Association, one by the striking students, and the third to be selected by the first two as a chairman. May we not fairly assume that his refusal indicated his inability to prove his charges?

New York, March 1

E. RHYS PRICE

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR., is a member of the Scottsboro Unity Defense Committee.

JEROME COUNT, a member of the New York bar, is counsel for the Public Committee on Power Utilities and Labor.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

JOHN KAZARIAN was formerly an insurance agent. Since July, 1932, he has traveled over thirty-two States in search of employment. He was unable to find permanent work of any kind, but during that period he held various temporary jobs such as dish-washing, raking lawns, removing a manure heap, loading cotton, tutoring in Latin, coaching football, picking grapes in Southern California, and pulling cotton in Texas.

CATHARINE YOUNG is the author of "The Lady Who Loved Herself: The Life of Madame Roland."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of folk plays entitled "Lamentations."

MARY ROSS is an associate editor of the *Survey*.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

Books and Drama

By Their Own Ignorance

By MARK VAN DOREN

By their own ignorance, I knew them,
And the tall way they stood;
Denying she had ever wandered through them,
Entering that wood.

By their indifference I proved them,
Those high old border trees;
Pretending that no thunderbolt had grooved them—
Each heart at ease.

No lesser lie could they be brooding:
A footfall had not died.
The truth, I said, was weaker praise—intruding
No more upon that pride.

The King's English

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. Prepared by William Little, H. W. Fowler, and J. Coulson. Revised and edited by C. T. Onions. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. \$18.

SURELY this must be the longest work ever issued with "Shorter" in its title. The two volumes run to 2,500 quarto pages. The title reminds us once again of the relativity of all things. The book is called "Shorter" because it is the official abridgment of the Oxford "New English Dictionary," the greatest and most authoritative of all dictionaries. That work was entered upon in 1858; the first volume appeared in 1884, and the last of the ten volumes (or twenty "half-volumes") was not published until 1928. Now for the first time an adequate condensation and adaptation of it have been made that place it within the reach of the individual.

The two volumes, bound in blue buckram, with the entries printed in three columns to a page, are one more example of the fine printing and book-making that we have come to look for from the Oxford University Press. The first volume runs from A to M, the second from N to Z. This division into two volumes, of course, has its inconveniences, particularly if one is looking up a list of words; on the other hand, a single volume would be too bulky to handle unless it were kept constantly on an open table: for those who prefer the latter, there is a one-volume edition.

Most readers, when they begin to consult the entries, will be nonplussed by the method of indicating pronunciation—by the e's, a's, and r's turned upside down, by a ligature like æ to represent the sound of a in *man*, by special consonants that have not existed since the days of Old English (before about 1150) to stand for the respective pronunciations of *th* in *thin* and *then*, and by purely invented phonotypic characters to symbolize the sounds of the italicized consonants in *shop*, *chop*, *vision*, *judge*, and *singing*. The pronunciation symbols are adopted from the Oxford "New English Dictionary," and they may, for all I know, be the most efficient and accurate possible; certainly they are ingenious, and the differentiation, for example, between short and obscure vowels is necessary. But the pronunciation system has to be mastered, and it will take the ordinary reader some time before he can translate it easily and instantly. True, the meaning of the principal symbols is indicated at the bottom

of each two pages; but the list found there is hardly adequate.

A remarkable shortcoming of the new work is the absence of scores of familiar words that have been part of the living language for at least several years. Lewis Gannett, in his review in the *New York Herald Tribune*, has already called attention to some of the more important of these. Among the words not listed are *Babbitttry*, *ballyhoo*, *bootlegger*, *brassiere*, *lipstick*, *compact*, *fundamentalism*, *hooch*, *golddigger*, and *muscle in* (the last, surely, as sound a formation as *elbow in*); as well as technical terms like *aileron*, *fuselage*, *heterodyne*, and *proton*. On the other hand, *gadget*, *camouflage*, *wowser*, *rayon*, *strap-hanger*, *highball*, *jazz*, *ragtime*, *movie*, *radio*, *broadcast*, *aspirin*, *Marcel wave*, *narcissism*, and *inferiority complex* are all included. Another amusing inconsistency is that the dictionary has the courage to list the excremental monosyllables but not the sexual ones.

One of the great merits of the present dictionary, however, is that it reveals the biographies of words much more fully than any other dictionary of comparable size. Not only does it give in each case the date of the first appearance of the word (if that came after 1450); it gives also the date of the first known use of the word in each new sense; and where a sense is obsolete, the date of the latest known use in that sense is also given. The record is endlessly fascinating, and full of surprises. If most readers will be astonished to learn that *whoopie* almost in its present sense dates back to 1845; that *racket* in the sense of "scheme . . . line of business or action" dates back to 1812, and *profiteer* to 1797, they should be hardly less astonished when they are reminded that we had no word to express the sense of *agnostic* until Huxley invented it in 1869, nor one to express that of *international* until Bentham coined it in 1780. It is still more remarkable that such derivatives as *internationally* and *internationalist* did not make their appearance until 1864. It is difficult to imagine how we got along without these words before that time, but perhaps that is no harder problem than how we get along today without words which, on reflection, seem nearly as necessary. For lack of more precise words it is obvious, for example, that we are stretching *international* too far. It is legitimate to speak of an international conference, for we are speaking of a conference *between* nations or their representatives. But is it legitimate to speak of an international culture, or an international style in architecture? Here we do not mean a culture or an architecture *between* nations, but one common to many or to all of them. To express such ideas accurately we should have the words *multinational* and *omnination*. I herewith proffer them, but without the slightest hope of seeing them accepted.

For the conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon (if the ethnologists will pardon the word) is nowhere more evident than in his language. The purists and the literary dictators have fought nearly every neologism tooth and nail. One need merely recall Dr. Johnson's opposition to the phrase "to *make* money," and to the word *idea* in the sense of notion or opinion; or Swift's disastrous prediction: "The War has introduced Abundance of Polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more Campaigns; *Speculations*, *Operations*, *Preliminaries*, *Ambassadors*, *Pallisadoes*, *Communication*, *Circumvallation*, *Battalions*." There never was a new word that was not at its introduction denounced by the purists as ugly, unnecessary, and presumptuous. *International* had to fight that opposition, which is perhaps why it required eighty-four more years for the first appearance of the most simple derivatives. We have seen precisely the same sort of objections recently brought against *psychograph*, proposed by the late Gamaliel Bradford. Yet the word is less equivocal and more precise than *portrait*; and I have not noticed that those who object to it on the ground of ugliness offer similar

objections to *biography, psychology, psychopathic, or photograph.*

The purists have always fought, and they have seldom hesitated to bite in the clinches, but in nine cases out of ten they have been beaten. The spectacle is rather sad. Here, for example, is H. W. Fowler, than whom a more intelligent, informed, sensible, and entertaining dictator is not to be found. In his "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" he derides the use of *intrigue* in the sense of to incite curiosity or interest; he ridicules the use of *protagonist* in the sense of advocate or champion; but the present dictionary, of which he is, incidentally, one of the editors, lists both of these meanings without condemnation. The bitter truth is that when misuse becomes frequent enough it becomes good use. It will be little consolation to the purists to point out to them that what happens in the history of language is precisely what happens in the history of manners and morals. Good usage is mainly a question of statistics.

Yet the purists have led many admirable lost causes, and it is disquieting, after all, to realize that they are destined nearly always to defeat. It is lamentable that *preposterous*, for instance, which in its original etymological sense characterized succinctly propositions involving the logical fallacy of putting the cart before the horse, should have lost that meaning altogether and become a hardly necessary synonym for *monstrous* or *absurd*. It is regrettable to see the word *sadism*, in our day, already losing its strict sense of cruelty in sexual relations, and coming to be used more and more to express the general idea of any love of cruelty for its own sake; or worse, to see it used as nothing more than a mere synonym for cruelty.

From the standpoint of the purist, if he only knew it, English is already hopelessly lost. One cannot know anything about the history of the language without knowing that "pure English" is a contradiction in terms. Modern English is bursting with Scandinavian borrowings and undigested French, Latin, and Greek; it chokes with illogic; it is full of thousands of hybrids—Latin stems with Greek prefixes or native suffixes, native stems with Latin or Greek prefixes and suffixes—and even schoolboys know that its spelling is—preposterous. But purists could help if they could forget their purity and their perfectibilism, and their silly assumptions about the virginity of English, and consent to become mere meliorists. Then, freed from neophobia and etymological standpattism, they could examine each new word or new meaning in a spirit at once hospitable and critical, asking only whether it seemed likely to help or to hinder the development of our noble tongue as a medium for conveying our thoughts and emotions in the briefest, fullest, most accurate and melodious manner possible.

HENRY HAZLITT

Portrait of Marie

Marie Antoinette: The Portrait of an Average Woman. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

LOVERS of modern biography will find here a volume written to their order. The book has scholarly breadth and depth; it is rich, racy, and colorful, proving that Herr Zweig knows how to write as well as how to study and evaluate historical documents. Considering the many previous biographies of the gay, frivolous, tragic queen, his achievement in casting fresh glamor over her already familiar story, in weaving new excitement into events long since worn threadbare in the retelling, seems nothing short of miraculous. The future biographer who attempts to outmatch his performance will need boldness to the point of presumption.

But Herr Zweig has done more than place an already well-known portrait in a new and appealing light. Equipped with

two qualities often lacking in biographers—critical insight and unsparing frankness—he has swept away a multitude of cobwebs. Squeamish readers may wriggle uncomfortably at his forthright discussion of the physical abnormality of Louis XVI which for seven years made his marriage to Marie Antoinette a marriage in name only. They may wince when Herr Zweig drags into the light of day that relationship of the queen which heretofore has always been shrouded in a veil of romantic reticence—her more than platonic attachment for the Swedish Count, Axel von Fersen. Doubtless, too, the prudish, recalling that the author comes from Vienna, the home of psychoanalysis, will accuse him of a morbid interest in sex matters when they read his bluntly outspoken account of the little Dauphin's abominable accusation against his mother during the incarceration in the Temple. But to Herr Zweig, Marie Antoinette, while she is always a queen, and never more a queen than after she lost her crown, is first and foremost a woman of flesh and blood, and it is as such a woman that he so brilliantly portrays her.

Up to that point, one cannot quarrel with him. His psychological analysis of the ill-fated queen is altogether skilful and convincing. Yet those who know much of the French Revolution may feel that he has pressed that analysis too far. Not, indeed, as far as the queen herself is concerned, but certainly when estimating her significance in relation to contemporary events, and her influence upon them. Understanding almost too well the hatred of the revolutionary mob for "l'Autrichienne," Herr Zweig nearly goes it one better, and by implication at least gives the impression that if only she had been different there might perhaps have been no revolution at all. A debatable point, possibly, but contemplation of the complex problems of eighteenth-century France leads one to the conclusion that the revolution which they precipitated was inevitable.

Yet even while feeling that Herr Zweig has, perhaps, overestimated Marie Antoinette's historical significance, one would not wish to detract from his achievement. His portrait of her as woman and as queen is full-bodied, and drawn straight from life.

CATHARINE YOUNG

Rain in Union Square

Union Square. By Albert Halper. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

APPARENTLY there are never sunny days on Union Square—not according to Mr. Halper's weather reports. And apparently nobody has a really good time on Union Square. Nobody is destined for anything but the bad end to be found in the concluding pages of modern realistic novels. "Union Square" ends on two suicides, a cracked spine, and several heartbreaks. The only happy people are a cop whose private life is left uninvestigated, a demented printer, and Vanya and Natasha, whose Russian names are adopted and whose trivial enthusiasms make one feel that outright insanity would have been an intellectual promotion for them.

Like Dos Passos, and perhaps for the same reason, Mr. Halper seeks to produce type character rather than individual character. "Union Square," like "1919," is an attempt at a contemporary historical novel, and since contemporary history is seen more clearly than ever before as the clash of classes, type characters serve best as the personifications of the conflict. But type individuals, no less than personalized individuals, are most effectively rendered when the author is possessed by a love of all humanity and specifically of the humanity of his characters. Dos Passos has this love, and in spite of such devices as the "News Reel" and the "Camera Eye," which interrupt his narrative, the book has a live and continuous sense of reality.

In "Union Square" there is no such sense of reality. Halper has no love for his characters. He studies them shrewdly, as a

shopkeeper studies his customers or a boss his men. He is an entrepreneur of the pen, exploiting Union Square and its people as literary material; consequently his men and women are viewed as partially as he views Union Square weather, which for his purpose must be always dismal. We have only the portions of their lives that are required by the recipe. So small are these portions that Mr. Halper does not hesitate to attempt to summarize his characters within defining adjectives. These adjectives serve another purpose. Carefully Mr. Halper detaches his characters from himself and his readers by the use of these adjectives as barriers. There are, for instance, "faithful, ivory-skulled" Hank, the worker, and Leon Fisher, the "little" Communist.

It is not surprising therefore that "Union Square" is being hailed by writers unfriendly to the proletarian movement as a first-class proletarian novel; it confirms their own sense of superiority, their own patronizing, duly "sympathetic" attitude to the "suffering" masses. Moreover, the focus of the novel is not the revolutionary movement that in New York has its geographical center at Union Square. Mr. Halper not only dismisses that movement implicitly in his characterization of Leon Fisher, but explicitly in the tirade of Jason Wheeler—ex-Communist, ex-poet, and present sex-trash writer for the pulp magazines—a tirade which gives the impression of being one of Mr. Halper's wish-fulfillments.

The focus of Mr. Halper's novel is rather the traditional and still fashionable one of sex. The characters, indeed, are presented in couples, working out frustrated, dreary, messy sex complications. There are Leon Fisher and the wistful Celia; Comrade Helen and her shoulder-biting Mexican; cynical Jason Wheeler and his dogged nurse; syphilitic Franconi, the "gentlemanly" barber, and the woman in California who should have married him, and whose announcement of her flight to him leaves him no alternative but suicide; Boardman and his lewd, spiteful, mind-destroying mistress Marge; and simpering Natasha and Vanya, the bogus Russians. Except for Hank and his missus and the kids, whose tragedies belong rather to Tenth Avenue anyway, the tragedies of Union Square are all sex tragedies, and could be moved down to Washington Square, or up to Park Avenue or Riverside Drive, or to Westchester for that matter, and be more at home.

Nevertheless, "Union Square" is the work of a talented writer. Though his prose is not rhythmic or well turned, and is flawed by mannerisms like "dry fire" and "dry" many other things, Mr. Halper knows how to fit a story together, how to select and use detail. Technically he is as well equipped as any young novelist on the horizon. Technique, however, is not enough.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Europe and America: 1932

The United States in World Affairs in 1932. Prepared by Walter Lippmann, with the assistance of William O. Scroggs and Charles Merz. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

IN the second issue of this annual survey sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations, the authors devote the greater part of their space to economic issues in relation to foreign policy. The year 1932 saw a widening gulf between President Hoover and the American Congress; and with the growth of economic difficulties within the United States popular sentiment against collaboration with Europe increased. Thus Representative Dies declared before the House: "I am disgusted with that maudlin sentiment that is continually urging us to save Europe. It seems to me that it is high time for us to save America." In view of this attitude and the approaching election, the Hoover Administration postponed any effort to settle the war-debt ques-

tion. Meanwhile, economic conditions within the United States rapidly grew worse. A deflation of commodity prices, a weakness in securities, a decline of new financing, and an increase in unemployment marked the end of the Hoover era. These conditions were reflected in Latin America, where defaults, revolutions, and wars occurred. Generally, the international situation was marked by the growth of trade barriers, which were largely the result of the efforts of debtor countries to balance their international payments. The result was that with the exception of Belgium all the creditor countries showed a larger proportionate loss of exports than of imports. "While the fifteen debtors were losing 22.8 per cent of their export trade, but managing to reduce their imports by 35.2 per cent, the seven creditors were losing 31 per cent of their exports, and cutting their imports by only 21.8 per cent." Debtor countries found themselves, nevertheless, in a particularly difficult position, because during the post-war period they had often made loans for political rather than for productive purposes. Moreover, many countries had borrowed money on short term; and during 1931 and 1932 every creditor country tried to salvage as much of its principal as possible. It is estimated that during 1931 the United States decreased its outstanding short-term indebtedness by \$1,500,000,000.

In an admirable chapter the authors trace the relationship between the American financial crisis of 1932 and the European situation. Fears for the financial stability of the United States led to withdrawals which threatened to force us off the gold standard. The outstanding events of the year were the successful efforts of the United States to meet this threat, and the abolition of reparations and the establishment of the principle of Franco-British cooperation at the Lausanne Conference. The text concludes with a summary of the Far Eastern dispute and of the Geneva arms conference, in which the United States also participated. The remainder of the volume contains nine valuable appendixes, including a chronology of important events.

This volume should constitute an admirable introduction for those who wish to learn something of the recent foreign policy of the United States. It should also provide the student and the man of affairs with a handy key to events. More unified in its treatment than last year's volume, the present edition retains the lucidity and simplicity which mark all of Mr. Lippmann's fine writing. Perhaps the outstanding merit of the book is the extent to which it shows the relationship of domestic economic and financial conditions to international policy.

No book, however, is immune from criticism, and the present volume contains perhaps three defects. First, it utilizes no documentation except what has appeared in English—a serious shortcoming from the standpoint of scholarship. Secondly, it ignores many important problems which arose in 1932. Thus no mention is made of the serious situation in Liberia or Haiti; nor is any attention paid to the attitude of the United States toward efforts of foreign governments to terminate American contracts, as in the case of the International Telephone Company in Spain and the Cosch firm in Chile. Finally, the volume prides itself upon refraining from "judgments." The result is that too many chapters give the impression of being merely an extensive elaboration of newspaper headlines, with inadequate attention to underlying factors. The writers themselves demonstrate how impossible it is to refrain from interpretation in any kind of historical writing. Thus the necessity of making some interpretation, coupled with an inability to go the whole way, explains why they have presented what to the reviewer is a specious analysis of the Hoover-Laval conversations. The authors have fully succeeded in their object of assisting the reader to "remember" recent events. Had they been given greater liberty, they would have succeeded in the more important object of helping us "understand" what we "remember."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Individualism at Bay

Individualism: An American Way of Life. By Horace M. Kallen. Liveright. \$2.

A Philosophy of Solitude. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

INDIVIDUALISM is at the crossroads today, and a very dangerous crossing it is, threatened by communism, fascism, and other heavy traffic. To negotiate such a crossing successfully, individualism needs a clear mind and an alert eye. Instead—what have we here? Mr. Powys, in his "Philosophy of Solitude," sits by the roadside like the lecture-platform Buddha that he is, contemplating the navel of his "self." And Mr. Kallen in his volume wanders through the traffic, blissfully sucking his individualist thumb. Only Mr. Kallen is an ultra-modern infant and can quote William James and John Watson at you if you should try to pull the thumb out of his mouth.

Of the two, Mr. Kallen will prove most exasperating to serious students of the problem. Mr. Powys's contribution to the problem of the individual in a collectivist civilization dismisses itself at first glance as an Anglo-Saxon variety of Yogi, a sort of spiritual daily dozen for women's clubs. One is aware of an invisible class of plump Middle Western clubwomen doing their psycho-calisthenics under Mr. Powys's soulful direction. But Mr. Kallen sounds deceptively apposite. He analyzes the social forces which have generated modern individualism, but is not prevented thereby from making a rigid dichotomy between society and the individual, forgetting how much of the ego is of social origin. He admits that his "American individualism" is the common European garden variety transported to a soil free of feudal weeds. But he persists in drawing the distinction, though the free frontier has long disappeared and capitalist growth is choking itself here as thoroughly as in Europe. He discusses the effect of the doctrines of Calvin and Rousseau in distilling the modern individual out of medieval society, and asks Marxistically: "Can it be accidental that Calvinist theology was preferred . . . by those countries where free enterprise and the rising middle class were breaking the shackles of medieval rule in industry and politics and religion?" Yet a few chapters farther, Mr. Kallen, who helps himself liberally to Marxist historical analysis when convenient, is able to declare in this year of our depression: "That financial tyranny and industrial oppression are the consequences of an impersonal law . . . is not true." Under the circumstances one breathes a sigh of relief when Mr. Kallen breaks down under the strain of being rational and, in a blaze of mystic capitals that Mr. Powys himself would envy, diagnoses the world crisis of capitalism as a "Post-War Failure of Nerve," and deduces that communism and fascism are varieties of anxiety neuroses brought on by this Failure of Nerve. Presumably what was needed at the White House in 1929 was a neurologist instead of an engineer.

Yet the importance of the problem cannot be obscured by Mr. Kallen's presentation. Humanity is undoubtedly facing a psychological revolution more radical even than the social revolutions which are initiating it. Communism and fascism are evolving an environment which will profoundly alter or destroy individual psychology as we know it. It is customary to speak of the "medieval whole" which was broken up by the Reformation. Yet medieval and even classic society were relatively individualistic. To find a pure collectivism, productive of a true collective psychology, one has to go back to primitive society. Now, for the first time, capitalist technological progress is making possible—or compulsory—a collective society and a collective psychology on a continental scale, as homogeneous as a primitive tribe. Anti-Communists claim, of course, that they are the defenders of individualism, though the collective drift is of capi-

talist origin. But the Communists, who are in a better position to discuss the matter, have hardly given it much thought. Off-hand, curiously enough, they too subscribe to individualism. The typical Communist position has been set forth by Oscar Wilde in his "Soul of Man Under Socialism"; and Trotzky in his "Literature and Revolution" merely reiterates Wilde. It is, briefly, that socialism will free the individual from the stunting struggle for existence and give every human being the necessary leisure for self-cultivation. But this presupposes that leisure will remain unsocialized in a socialized society, a highly debatable assumption. At all events, individualism is due for a real biologic test. To survive, it will have to prove that it is something much more congenial than a philosophy of life.

ALTER BRODY

Health Without Wealth

How to Budget Health. By Evans Clark. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

EVEN in ordinary times only the richest tenth of the American people had any reasonable assurance of being able to pay for the medical care they might need. The trouble was not essentially that medical care was too expensive. Our aggregate expenditures were well within our collective means. What we actually were spending would have been practically enough to pay for adequate care for everyone if costs and facilities could have been distributed, though actually, the records show, two Americans out of five were getting no medical or dental care whatever. The trouble with sickness bills from the point of view both of patients and of those who care for them is the inescapable nature of sickness itself: for any one family it is unpredictable as to time, kind, and amount; and usually the bills come when the family is least able to meet them, since serious illness also involves loss of earnings and other expenses besides medical care itself. Sickness, moreover, brings uneven but imperative burdens to very unevenly distributed incomes, and no device of providence sees to it that the big bills coincide with the big incomes. In spite of all that philanthropy and government have done in this country for medical care of the poor, the families with the lowest incomes and least surplus over the costs of the bare essentials of life actually spend a higher proportion of income for medical care than do those in relatively comfortable circumstances.

In the present comprehensive and readable book the director of the Twentieth Century Fund describes measures tried in the United States and abroad to iron out the uncertainty and inequality of sickness costs, and proposes specifically the organization of medical guilds. Through such a guild a group of physicians could offer complete medical care to the public, including necessary hospital care, for a flat rate of from \$40 to \$60 a person per year. Once that fee was paid, the subscriber would know that medical bills could not leap up unexpectedly to crush him, however serious an illness he might incur. For the physicians and other professional personnel the arrangement would mean assured adequate incomes. The principle, as Mr. Clark points out, is one which has been tried successfully in various ways among industrial and university groups, though typically not in as inclusive a form as he outlines. Since the publication of his book leading hospitals have manifested widespread interest in a not dissimilar scheme whereby people may be sure of getting hospital service at need on payment of a small annual fee, though in most instances the physician's fee is not included in the arrangement. In California the State Medical Society has approved a plan for medical service for annual fees worked out through the local medical societies.

Medical guilds would provide a way out of the economic

dilemma of sickness for the more fortunate layers of the middle class and the well-to-do. A cost of from \$40 to \$60 a person a year puts the system within reach only of families with incomes of from \$4,000 to \$5,000 and upwards, if one applies the habitual figure of 4 per cent as the share of income available for medical care. In 1928 about one family in ten in the United States had as much as \$5,000 a year. Mr. Clark suggests that tax funds might supplement individual payments in cases of duly certified applicants whose own incomes were insufficient. If this were done widely enough to make the system generally useful as a means of meeting medical costs, it seems hard to see how it could escape some form of public control—the "state medicine" which Mr. Clark considers less satisfactory in any form than a guild system from the point of view of both the public and the medical profession. Within their admitted limitations, however, the principles of group organization and group payment embodied in the proposal of medical guilds offer great advantages to both doctors and patients. Efforts in this direction should be furthered by Mr. Clark's practical study.

MARY ROSS

Neapolitan Fable

The Pascarella Family. By Franz Werfel. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

THIS is a very uneven book. The first third of it deals plausibly enough, and very effectively, with the provincial pride and petty tyranny of Domenico Pascarella, a Neapolitan who plays the autocratic parent to his six motherless children. Until he gets home from business in the evening no lights may be turned on, even should there be a total eclipse of the sun—which there isn't; his three sons and three daughters, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-eight, must kiss his hand, they may only go out in the evening once a year, to the Pascarella box at the Opera; in fact any move toward independence on their part at once begets the fearful rage of Papa Pascarella. As a result, the children, drawn together by a common fear of and, for a long time, unacknowledged loathing for their father, cut off from all normal social life, are a great deal closer to one another than the children of most families. Regarding their father with mingled feelings of fear, hatred, affection, and pity, they take their first really rebellious step when Grazia and Lauro, with the connivance of the others, secretly go to the forbidden carnival ball.

Disaster to the two children is averted only by a greater disaster befalling their father. His lifelong partner in the private Naples banking house of Pascarella and Company skips out with all the funds, leaving Papa Pascarella to face the creditors. This is the beginning of the disintegration of the Pascarella family. To recoup the family fortune two of the sons go to Brazil, where one of them commits suicide; Daughter Iride become fatally ill; while Pascarella himself becomes a sort of ineffectual monster, lashing himself into his most terrific transports of rage when anything at all pleasant or sensible seems to appear on the horizon, such as his daughter's marriage to the wealthy Englishman, Arthur Campbell. For a time it looks as if the Pascarellas are going down for the third time in the most approved Shakespearean tragedy tradition, but Mr. Werfel throws out a couple of life-preservers in the form of Iride's magical recovery and the financial help to the family contributed by Mr. Campbell, who is probably literature's most unbelievable character. In short, the last two-thirds of "The Pascarella Family" is pure melodrama, reminiscent of the sort of play Christopher Morley used to dish up in Hoboken. The motivation in most cases is entirely fantastic. If I remember correctly, the chief reason for Pascarella's partner decamping

with the funds is that Pascarella never invited him to dinner.

In spite of this, much is to be said for the book. The children's love for one another, the atmosphere of constraint and inhibition in which they live, the sacrifices the girls make for their father in his days of adversity, the slow breaking of the domineering old man's spirit, are, if you will ignore the facts and accept the book as a fairy tale, delicately and dramatically described. And for a sensitive account of a young girl's excited reactions to her first dance you will go far to find anything better than the chapter on Grazia at the carnival ball.

GEOFFREY HELLMAN

Shorter Notices

The Carpenter's Tool Chest. By Thomas Hibben. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

Everyone who desires direct realistic information upon fundamental matters of history and environment, and who appreciates having that material presented with pictorial clarity and interpreted with vigorous simplicity, will like this book. If such people are unfortunately to be considered childish, then perhaps it is a good idea after all to call this a book for children. The first part explains and illustrates all the tools in a modern carpenter's chest, and describes their functions in such a way that even a female child can understand. Two-thirds of the book is devoted, however, to a history of these tools through the Stone Age, the Copper and Bronze Ages, the Iron Age, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. And, such is Mr. Hibben's respect for and knowledge of the function and human significance of tools, that the reader will find this part of the book one of the best condensed social histories that he has ever read. All children will enjoy it, certainly. And it would be a hopeful sign if adults as well, including not a few expert historians, went to it for entertainment and suggestion. Almost every page is illustrated with admirably clear and characterful drawings by the author.

Mask of Silenus: A Novel About Socrates. By Babette Deutsch. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

"Mask of Silenus" is the story of Socrates as he lived through his last year and met death. Unlike John Erskine's novels about classical characters, it is not written to parody the classical story or merely to amuse. Rather it presents the whole struggle of skepticism and free inquiry against the ignorance, intolerance, and injustice characteristic of Socrates's time. Miss Deutsch's treatment of the tragedy is restrained and poetic, never, as it easily might be, melodramatic. She borrows, of course, heavily from Plato's account of Socrates's last days. We see him in his home with his wife, Xantippe. We meet him in the streets of Athens. We live through with him the last days of his imprisonment and the final hours of farewell before the drinking of the hemlock. When we hear him speak, it is in the familiar phrases of the "Apology." But we see him through the eyes of a modern novelist, conscious of today's social problems. He is very human, a little grotesque at times, brilliant and a bit obtuse by turns.

To the North. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Readers of "The Hotel" and the even more completely realized study in contemporary sterility that Miss Bowen offered us in "The Last September" will discover in her new book an advancement in technical ingenuity and stylistic perfection that fails to correspond to any enlargement of material or experience. Once again Miss Bowen concentrates sharply on what would be for anyone but Jane Austen or Henry James, perhaps, a much too tenuous problem in personal relations—a sort of "Pride and

Prejudice" situation in which the complications are caused not so much by the characters' sense of their own dignities as by their mortal horror of involving themselves too deeply in experience. The trouble with Miss Bowen's people is not that they do not have feelings, but that they are so painfully afraid of admitting them to themselves or to others that they would commit any cruelty to preserve their reticence. We have encountered such people before, of course, in the fiction of Mrs. Woolf, and it is only because they are presented so objectively by Miss Bowen that they seem so much more disagreeable. It is, indeed, a matter of regret that Miss Bowen's now fully developed powers of style and characterization should be dedicated indefinitely to the anatomy of sterility.

The Works of John Milton. Volumes VII and X. Columbia University Press. Sold on subscription only. \$105 the set.

With their seventh volume the Columbia editors begin upon the Latin prose-works of Milton. This volume contains the "Defensio Prima," edited by Clinton W. Kayes, with a vis-a-vis English rendering. The editor decided, perhaps rightly, to abandon the attempt to adapt Washington's seventeenth-century translation to the requirements of modern scholarship, and prints a new version made for him by Samuel Lee Wolff, who employs an English which is neither seventeenth century nor twentieth century nor of any golden period, but, if truth be told, a rather wooden product. Mr. Wolff uses just "translator's English," and our debt to him is that he does help us to construe. This volume, in comparison with its predecessors, is necessarily bulky and a little unwieldy. On page 312 two Greek words are misprinted (very likely by Milton). The tenth volume contains the "History of Britain" and the "Moscovia." George Philip Krapp is responsible for the whole; and has had, in comparison with his brother editors, a light task, since no *apparatus criticus* was asked of him. Whether he has anywhere corrected the text, or whether he has found it everywhere perfect, is not said. Were Milton's printers all that degree better than all the printers of today (except Mr. Rudge, whose work here, as in the six preceding volumes, is beyond praise)?

The Action of the Living Cell. By Fenton B. Turck. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

This book is not, as the title leads one to expect, a study in general biology, but a summary of the author's work in a limited field. Dr. Turck presents the thesis that changes in individual cells of an animal will affect other cells in the same animal and may under certain conditions produce general symptoms or even death. The author himself traces the conception back to the early Egyptians. His contribution is a new name, "cytost," for an indefinite, ill-defined, hypothetical substance produced by the cell, which is supposedly responsible for the changes mentioned. One must grant the author a great deal of originality in his ideas. His experiments, however, are crude, poorly controlled, and often pointless. The conclusions are not warranted by the data presented. On the other hand, the author hardly mentions the vast amount of careful work in this field which has been done by other workers, except in so far as they support his own contentions. In his concluding paragraph he anticipates "the opposition usually accorded new theories." He will probably not be disappointed.

Gas-House McGinty. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

"He was somebody, Ambrose J. McGinty, Chief Dispatcher in the Wagon Call Department of the Continental Express Company." A pathetic, boastful boss-worker, despising equally Jews, foreigners, hobos, fairies, the Salvation Army, labor unions, reds, and soapboxers, "Mac" partly emerges from a

phonographic lingo-vernacular medley of profanity and cat-calling. He is muddled with religious and corporation virtue and sin, sex suppression and rugged self-consciousness; pathetic in his frustrated ambitions to rise in the company and make a lady of his step-daughter, Josephine. He is everything a company wants a worker to be—and his life is a chaotic failure. The other characters are dim and formless, perhaps intentionally for mass effect. Short italicized inter-chapters seem intended to give shots of world events of the early twenties, and of dramatic relations between capital and labor. The narrative movement is halted for long passages of dream life, soliloquy, and gas-house repartee. Yet the presentation is direct and unsentimental. You can take it or leave it, and it may keep you up all night for the sheer pleasure you get from its gas-house, bawdy-house ribaldry.

Laughter in Hell. By Jim Tully. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

Barney Slaney was big as legend, strong as myth, and silent. Barney's wife was a Bad Woman, and though he was too gentle to beat her, one night he killed her. He also killed Bill Grover, who happened to be with her at the time. Barney thought he'd swing, but the court was lenient and gave him "life" in the chain gang. Barney took it standing up, and when he got his chance he pushed a guard's chin up around his ear and made a getaway. He found a Good Woman, and she went with him. Barney wandered and worked and thought about things vaguely; everywhere he went men liked him for his silence, his strength, his good heart. When the law found him out and two men came to take him back, Barney let them fill him full of lead; then he mashed the two men's heads together, fatally and inextricably. "They never moved again." This somber tale, perhaps written to meet the current demand for chain-gang films, is very briefly and somewhat naively told. Only occasionally does Mr. Tully tax his capacity for writing realistically of things he has known at first hand. In the tone of the book there is a fabulous quality reminiscent of O'Flaherty. The characters do not achieve reality. Barney is a giant gesturing heroically but futilely in a world represented as giant-proof and without purpose or direction.

Films

Fascism Over Hollywood

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE" is probably the most important bad film of the year. It is important because it marks the first attempt by Hollywood producers to exploit the current popular interest in social and economic ideas. It is of course true that a certain awareness that all is not well with the world has been creeping into the films for some time: there was the famous "Pfui" scene in "Trouble in Paradise" and there have been pictures like "Luxury Liner" which at least make a bow to the depression. But references to the economic skeleton in the closet have been for the most part incidental, semi-apologetic, and always good-natured. Now for the first time Hollywood openly accepts the depression as a fact. Within a month of the inauguration the talkies follow up Mr. Roosevelt's radio speech with a picture which dares represent conditions as they are, which execrates those responsible for them, and which points a "way out." For "Gabriel" does more than merely reflect politico-economic ideas in the manner of an S. N. Behrman comedy. It offers us a fairly consistent program of direct action. Its all-too-evident purpose is to convert innocent American movie audiences to a policy of fascist dictatorship in this country. The only difficulty

is that those audiences may not be so susceptible as Mr. Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Corporation produced the picture, apparently believes. If one is to judge by the apathetic response with which it was received by a single New York audience, one is inclined to suspect that the American public is unready or unwilling to sacrifice entertainment for political propaganda. And the justice, one must admit, is entirely on its side.

Walter Huston does the best he can in his role of the stool-pigeon President who comes to the White House only to suffer a concussion of the brain which causes him to desert his party and lead the world to renewed peace and prosperity. But even with his fine Lincoln profile and excellent speech-making talents Mr. Huston is unable to give much credibility to the role. As a *deus ex machina* for both the story and the world, cerebral concussion has too many disadvantages; one of them is that audiences are all too likely to mistake the actions of the Savior-President for those of a crazy man. It may or may not be significant that the book on which "Gabriel" is based was written by an Englishman who has never visited America. But the picture has most of the faults which made "High Treason," the British film shown by the Film Forum a few weeks ago, such a lamentable example of cinematic naivete. The trouble with both films is not that they deal with ideas, or that the ideas with which they deal are of questionable validity, but that they deal with them on the dialectic plane alone. And this is as much as to say that as an imaginative representation of character and events "Gabriel Over the White House" has about as much reality as a diagram on a blackboard.

"Pleasure Cruise," which played for a week at the New Roxy without receiving much critical encouragement, was actually within its own very limited genre an exceptionally accomplished picture. A thinly constructed farce, whose settings were London and a pleasure ship in the Baltic, it had a sustained perfection of surfaces which reminded one of the Lubitsch-Menjou pictures of silent days. The combination of Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin is one that should be repeated in another and better picture under Frank Tuttle's direction.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Playhouse for Sale

FOR many years Brander Matthews used to tell each incoming class about the play he once wrote in collaboration with Bronson Howard. "It ran," he would conclude, "one consecutive night." Back in the nineties, you must remember, that was something of a feat even for a play in which a professor of dramatic technique had had a hand, but in 1933 it would be nothing at all. Several recent offerings have achieved this ultimate non-success, and indeed the only two productions put on exhibit during the seven days just passed both closed after exactly one performance. For the sake of the record I shall report that their names were, respectively, "Her Tin Soldier" and "Hummin' Sam," but I shall then pass rapidly to the scarcely less painful subject of an article, brutally entitled *The American Theater Goes Broke*, appearing in the current *American Mercury*.

Arthur Mann, who writes the piece, was once office boy to Winthrop Ames, and later partly responsible for the *World's* dramatic page. He has a theory that the managers committed suicide when they began to build theaters with the balcony left out, and he may be right. But the most interesting thing about his article is the collection of statistics which he has compiled from various sources to set forth in cold figures the plight of

PLAYS : FILMS : SYMPOSIUM

NOW PLAYING
JOHN KRIMSKY and GIFFORD COCHRAN present
THE 3 PENNY OPERA
"REVOLUTIONIZED"
is the spirit of this class satirical comedy with Music,
suggesting in its vitality and timely viewpoint
20th CENTURY RUSSIA
EMPIRE THEA., B'way. at 40 St., Eves. 8.30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30
Tickets 50c up

For One Week Starting Sat., April 22nd
SEE! HEAR!
"Ramsay MacDonald"
THE MAN OF PEACE
A film-biography of the personality, career and achievements
of the Socialist who rose from the soap-box to the British
premiership and who is today conceded to be the
GREATEST SINGLE FORCE FOR WORLD PEACE!
See and Hear Him Make History at
LOCARNO—LAUSANNE—GENEVA—ROME—
LONDON, WASHINGTON, ETC.
(This film is only part of the regular world-embracing
program of personalities and events.)
Continuous Daily 10 A. M. to Midnight
EMBASSY NEWS REEL THEATRE **25c** at all times
1560 Broadway, bet. 46 and 47 Sts.

BEHIND THE NEWS OF GERMANY
"KUHLE WAMPE"
(Wither Germany)
Starring HERTHA THIELE, star of "Maedchen in Uniform"
Complete English Dialogue Titles
RKO CAMEO B'way at 42nd St. Starting Sat. April 22nd

SECOND WEEK!
Soviet Russia's Answer to the Jewish Problem!
First Jewish Talkie from Soviet Russia (Dialogue Titles in English)
"The Return of Nathan Becker"
Timely, absorbing, frank, enchanting musical score, played by the
Leningrad Symphony Orchestra.
EUROPA THEATRE 154 West Fifty-fifth Street
Continuous from Noon
25c till 1 P. M.—Monday to Friday

HEYWOOD **BROUN** ERNEST **BOYD**
V. F. **CALVERTON**
One of the Editors of The American Spectator
will debate the subject:
"Should We Have A Revolutionary Literature?"
Thursday, April 27th, at 8:30 P. M. at
DEBS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM
7 East 15th St., New York City
Tickets: 25c and 45c On sale at Rand Book Store
Tel.: Algonquin 4-3094

The Nation's RADIO HOUR

Station WEVD (1300k-231m)

ERNEST GRUENING

will be the speaker

on Wednesday, April 26, at 8:15 P. M.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

the show business. Let us, then, look first at New York, from whence all theatrical blessings flow, and let us begin with the region nearest to any producer's heart, namely, the box office. During a single week in January of 1928 the combined gross receipts of New York theaters mounted to \$849,100 and during the corresponding week of 1929 they were only about \$40,000 less. Next year, however, they began to slip badly. By 1932 they had fallen to \$410,800, and by 1933 to \$222,500, or, roughly, to about one-fourth of what they had been at the peak. Nor are the workers in the theater any less badly off than the producers and the owners of theatrical real estate. Five years ago Actors' Equity had 8,500 members who had paid their dues; today it has only 3,500 and of these some one thousand obtained no employment of any kind on last season's legitimate stage. During the same period the number of employed union stagehands, electricians, and so forth fell from more than 600 to less than 200.

Look now at the provinces. The number of stock companies has fallen from 165 to less than 35, and the number of tent-shows playing legitimate drama from 152 to 15. At the peak of the present season there were some six thousand theaters of all sorts dark, but even more striking than any of these figures is the fact that most cities are at present definitely closed to any road company which might care to stop for one night or one week. Five years ago there were 410 towns in the United States and Canada where dramatic or musical productions could be played. Today there are only twelve outside of New York City.

Of course, the drama is not so sick as the show business. Once the latter's gigantic bankruptcy has been somehow liquidated, there is no reason why the theater should not flourish again. In the first place, the movies are almost as hard hit as the legitimate theater, and the vast "chains" which deliberately bought out and then dismantled hundreds of playhouses through-

out the country are themselves disintegrating so rapidly that Paramount, for example, is said to have actually given away 150 cinema houses to persons willing to assume responsibility for keeping them open to show Paramount films. In the second place, it is even possible that the managers themselves will learn something—that they will, for example, learn that the public which buys the first twelve rows from ticket speculators is not the only public worth considering. For the moment, however, we are not considering such pleasant possibilities but the fact that the American theater has, in Mr. Mann's forceful if not elegant language, "gone broke." And I should like to add one bit of history which has become such since Mr. Mann wrote his article—namely, some account of the repurchase by Shubert interests of the Shubert Theater Corporation which went into the hands of the receiver some time ago.

This corporation was by far the richest and most powerful of all those concerned with theatrical enterprises. Since it first began to get into difficulties it had thrown back upon the owners many playhouses formerly held on lease, but when the assets were put upon the block they included six theaters in New York City and nineteen in other cities, besides various scenic, electrical, and other properties. There were, however, no bids until the Shubert representatives got the whole thing back for \$400,000, of which \$40,000 was in cash and about \$300,000 represented merely by first-lien receivers' certificates already held by Shubert interests. Thus the original owners get their property back for a few songs and the holders of the 6 per cent gold bonds issued sometime ago get in all probability nothing; but the extent to which theatrical property has been deflated can best be illustrated by two simple facts: (1) In 1929 \$1,000,000 was considered a reasonable price for a single desirable theater. (2) The book value of the properties just bought for something like \$400,000 is about \$24,000,000.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

At Cooper Union
8th Street and Astor Place at 8 o'clock
Admission Free

Friday, April 21st
EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
"Nietzsche: Beyond Good and Evil—The Relation of Moral Philosophy to the Philosophy of Government."

Sunday, April 23rd
PROFESSOR IRWIN EDMAN
"The Crisis and the Spiritual Life"

Tuesday, April 25th
DEAN HOWARD LEE McBAIN
"The Scientific Habit of Thought in Relation to the Social Sciences."

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

TOWN HALL, 123 West 43rd Street

Apr. 23, 11 A.M.—John Haynes Holmes

"'WE FALL TO RISE'":

A Sermon for the Depression

8 P.M.—FORUM—550 West 110th Street

VINCENT BURNS

"The Chain Gang and Prison Reform"

INSTRUCTION

LANGUAGES

Con conversationally taught for immediate use.
Private lessons 60c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.
Universal School of Languages, 1265 Lexington Av. (85th) Est. over 26 yrs. ATwater 9-5123

LEARN ANY LANGUAGE BY actually conversing with natives and linguists at this center of unique activities. Cosmopolitan, congenial. All Language Club, Town Hall Annex, 125 W. 43d. LOngacre 5-8071. Noon-Midnight. Also Sundays.

31/3c
PER DAY
PAYABLE
MONTHLY

Classified Advertising Rates

Minimum
3 lines.....\$1.86

Additional
5 words.....62c

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street

New York

COrtlandt 7-3330

See that your classified ads reach us by noon Monday, together with remittance, to insure their appearance on Thursday.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

A SATURDAY NIGHT. Playhouse. Peggy Wood in an innocuous but amusing domestic comedy.

ALIEN CORN. Belasco Theater. Katharine Cornell in Sidney Howard's play about art and the Middle West. Not the playwright's best.

BIOGRAPHY. Avon Theater. An intelligent and sinewy comedy about what happens when a cultivated woman of the world tries to choose between a pompous opportunist and an unmanageable idealist.

BOTH YOUR HOUSES. Royale Theater. With the help of the Theater Guild's excellent production Maxwell Anderson provides a hilarious evening.

DESIGN FOR LIVING. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Noel Coward and the Lunts having a good time in a play by the former.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Lively but pretentious melodrama by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman.

GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Fine performances by Osgood Perkins and others make this farce comedy very funny.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little Theater. Unpretentious comedy about a small town dentist. A surprise hit.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

THE THREE PENNY OPERA. Empire Theater. Very "modern" and very striking version of Gays Opera. The adventurers should not miss it.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation